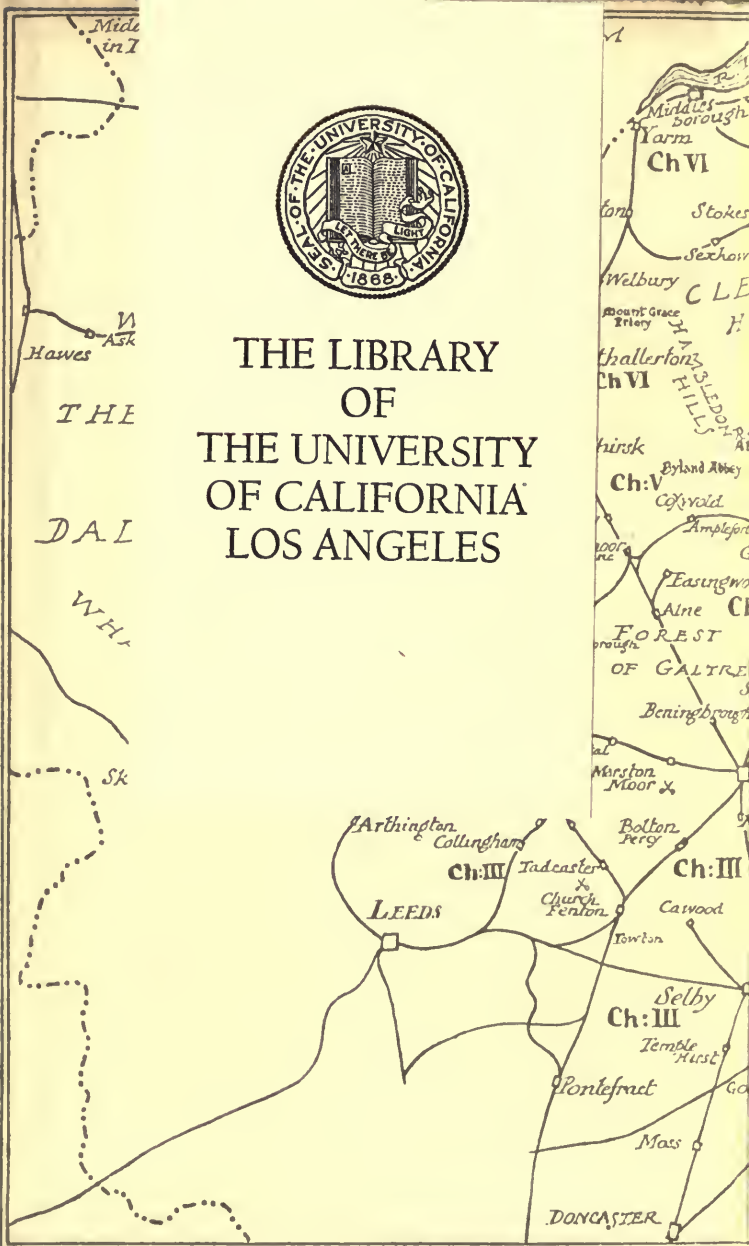






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THROUGH YORKSHIRE





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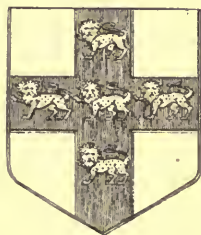


HIGH FORCE, TEESDALE

THROUGH YORKSHIRE

THE COUNTY OF BROAD ACRES

BY
GORDON HOME



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MCMXXII

To M. W. M.

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PREFACE

It is a deep joy to write of the wonderful variety of Yorkshire's attractiveness, and my pen would carry me into exuberance were I not reminded that many who pick up this little book may have yet to discover the beauty and glamour of the great county.

I have, therefore, tried to keep my great love of this portion of ancient Northumbria within bounds, and have even reduced the title of the volume to such colourless words that I might almost be accused of writing for the scurrying traveller who is content to pass through a country and carry away such impressions as he picks up *en passant*. This, however, would not be a fair criticism, for, small as this little volume may be, I have endeavoured to indicate where romance and beauty may be found, where associations with literature and great events of history are enshrined, and where the great solitudes of heathery moorland and grassy fell call to the jaded town dweller.

In order to make it easy to reach any of the places described, I have indicated the nearest railway station in italics as prominently as possible.

This information is of no interest to the motorist,

for his means of locomotion will take him right to castle, abbey, village, or moor; but many of those who wish to explore Yorkshire are dependent on the older means of travel, and will no doubt find these indications helpful—the map inside the front cover of the book showing the routes taken in the successive chapters.

GORDON HOME.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE YORKSHIRE COAST—FROM THE HUMBER TO SCARBOROUGH	I
II. THE YORKSHIRE COAST—FROM SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES	24
III. SELBY AND THE COUNTRY SOUTH OF YORK . . .	47
IV. YORK AND THE WOLDS	59
V. FROM YORK THROUGH THE FOREST OF GALTRES TO THE VALE OF PICKERING	74
VI. CLEVELAND AND THE NORTH YORKSHIRE MOORS .	122
VII. HARROGATE AND THE FOREST OF KNARESBOROUGH	141
VIII. ALONG THE URE BELOW MASHAM	147
IX. IN WENSLEYDALE	154
X. SWALEDALE	166
XI. TEESDALE	173
INDEX	180

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HALF-TONES

HIGH FORCE, TEESDALE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
YORK MINSTER (SOUTH AISLE)	<i>Facing page</i> 12
BRIDLINGTON QUAY	16
FILEY BRIG	23
SCARBOROUGH	24
SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA	38
YORK MINSTER (FROM A MEZZOTINT)	50
YORK MINSTER (BOOTHAM BAR)	59
BEVERLEY MINSTER	66
RIEVAULX ABBEY	82
FOUNTAINS ABBEY	92
GUISBOROUGH ABBEY	126
A YORKSHIRE COTTAGER	135
KNARESBOROUGH	142
THE BATHS, HARROGATE	144
BOLTON ABBEY, WHARFEDALE	146
RIPON MINSTER	150
BOLTON CASTLE, SWALEDALE	158
AYSGARTH FORCE, WENSLEYDALE	160
RICHMOND CASTLE	170

LINE DRAWINGS

	PAGE
HULL IN 1640	I
PATRINGTON CHURCH	8
HORNSEA MERE	14
FLAMBOROUGH HEAD	19
THE KEEP OF SCARBOROUGH CASTLE	27
THE BAY TOWN. ROBIN HOOD'S BAY	32
WHITBY ABBEY AND HARBOUR	35
WHITBY HARBOUR	37
THE OLD CASTLE OF MULGRAVE	39

x LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
RUNSWICK BAY FROM KETTLENESS	41
THE NORMAN DOORWAY OF STILLINGFLEET CHURCH	49
TADCASTER CHURCH FROM THE BRIDGE	56
ULF'S HORN AT YORK MINSTER	60
STAMFORD BRIDGE	63
NORMAN WINDOW, NUNBURNHOLME CHURCH	65
DETAIL OF TOMB OF LADY ELEANOR PERCY IN BEVERLEY MINSTER	69
NORMAN FONT IN NORTH GRIMSTON CHURCH	72
"SHANDY HALL," COXWOLD	87
INTERIOR OF YORKSHIRE COTTAGE	89
HOUSE AT KIRBY MOORSIDE WHERE THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM DIED	96
SAXON SUNDIAL AT KIRKDALE	99
STAPE CROSS	102
THE OLD HORN OF THE SINNINGTON HUNT	105
NORMAN CRYPT OF LASTINGHAM CHURCH	107
MIDDLETON CHURCH	111
PARLOUR OF GALLOWS HILL FARM, BROMPTON	115
HUTTON BUSCEL CHURCH	117
THE SALTERSGATE INN	121
IN THE DEEP CAÑON OF NEWTON DALE	133
THE MARKET-PLACE, PICKERING	137
A BRITISH IDOL AT ALDBOROUGH	148
FOUNTAINS ABBEY	149
FOUNTAINS HALL	151
EFFIGIES IN WEST TANFIELD CHURCH	152
MASHAM FROM ABOVE THE BRIDGE	153
WENSLEYDALE FROM LEYBURN SHAWL	157
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE AT ASKRIGG	162
HOUSE AT BARNARD CASTLE	177
EGGLESTON ABBEY	178
SKETCH MAP OF YORKSHIRE	<i>Inside Cover</i>



HULL IN 1640

A portion of Hollar's engraving

THROUGH YORKSHIRE

CHAPTER I

THE YORKSHIRE COAST—FROM THE HUMBER TO SCARBOROUGH

IF the coast of Yorkshire is approached from the south, the busy port of Kingstown-upon-Hull becomes the base from which an exploration must begin, for roads and railways radiate seawards from the town, and from Spurn Head to the chalk cliffs of Flamborough there is no means of following the coast-line at all closely. The reason for this is found in the impressive word "erosion." A glance at the map reveals the situation with astonishing clearness by a comparison between the shore north and south of the great white headland. Every mile to the north has its irregularity of cliff and bay and narrow river inlet, whereas to the south the coast can be drawn with one long curving line, concave as far as Withernsea, and convex thence to the

entrance to the Humber. This regular formation, proclaiming the uniform lack of serious resistance to the inroads of the sea, is due to the fact that the whole of this portion of Yorkshire is composed of boulder clay, the deposit formed by glacial action back in the Pleistocene period when a great layer of ice covered the northern parts of England.

✻ The eating away of the low cliffs of reddish-brown clay of an average height of eighteen feet appears to have been going on without interruption for a considerable time, certainly for the last thousand years and probably for much longer. Calculations based on the records of Domesday and on old maps and plans give a loss of land along thirty-four and a half miles at the rate of seven feet one inch yearly, the strip of Yorkshire cut away by the sea since 1086 being well over a mile wide with the formidable total superficial area of 22,694 acres. If the same process has been operating since the beginning of the Roman occupation of Britain, the loss may be increased to 53,318 acres and the sea would have advanced two and a half miles.

Hull has often been given a bad name through the existence of a " thieves' litany " which says:

From Hull, Hell and Halifax,
Good Lord deliver us;

but this merely proves that the town was so well administered that the vagabond found it desirable to keep away, and although Hull makes no claim

to be either a tourist or a health resort, it has features of much interest, including one of the finest churches in the county and many modern buildings which give its chief streets architectural dignity.

In volume of foreign trade Hull takes the third place among the ports of Great Britain, and its first dock (Queen's) was completed in 1778. At that time it was the largest in England. Since then several others have been built. The King George Dock, opened in 1914, is one of the largest and best equipped in the United Kingdom.

Edward I. is often regarded as the *founder* of Hull, but although he did a great deal for the port when, in 1293, he bought it from the monks of Meaux and renamed it Kingstown-upon-Hull, yet it is quite an error to call him the founder. Hull was a busy port called Wyke-upon-Hull long before Edward was born. The records of the customs receipts on wool, rough sheep-skins, and leather between July 20, 1203, and November 30, 1205, show that this port was doing a trade in these commodities not far short of half that of London, or one-fourteenth of the whole wool and leather trade of England. At the end of the thirteenth century Wyke-upon-Hull had progressed to such an extent that one-seventh of this trade was transacted by it, and there can be very little doubt that it was *because* of Hull's importance that Edward I. was led to bestow his royal favour upon it. A mediæval king required to raise loans much as a modern government resorts to this

means of producing additional sources of supply, and no doubt Edward saw possibilities of borrowing heavily from the rich merchants of the town.

There can be little doubt that fourteenth-century Hull was a cheerful and growing town, picturesquely surrounded on three sides with walls studded with towers. On the east the defence was the river Hull in which lay all the shipping. A picturesque half-moon battery defended the entrance to the river, across whose mouth a great chain lay in readiness to be drawn up should there be danger of an attack—a method of defence common to nearly all ports in mediæval and later times.

A further element of picturesqueness at Kingstown-upon-Hull was present in its numerous windmills which appear in the old pictures and prints of the town. As late as 1832 sixteen windmills are shown along the river front, and Hull continues to be one of the most important milling towns of England. Walls, towers and windmills have gone, and it is not easy for the present-day visitor who walks through the crowded streets of the great port to reconstruct in his mind the quaint and delightful place before the days of steam and electricity, and I advise all who wish to make an effort to build up the past, to visit the Trinity House, the Grammar School, and the churches of Holy Trinity and St. Mary, Lowgate.

The building of Trinity House only dates from 1753, but it is a very solid link with the early days

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL 5

of Hull, for it was founded in the fourteenth century as the Guild of the Holy Trinity, was united with the Shipman's Guild in the following century, and has continued ever since to be an almshouse and a source of pensions for indigent seafaring men of the merchant service. The pictures and the interesting plate are shown to visitors. Among the portraits is one of Andrew Marvell, that curious mixture of politician and poet, who was born at Winestead and represented Hull in Parliament at the Restoration.

It is recorded by Leland that the streets of Hull were paved with stone from the ballast brought from Iceland, the ships' cargoes of stock-fish being too light without this additional weight, and it is roundly stated that Hull was admirably paved when the streets of London were still in an intolerably bad condition.

Holy Trinity is one of the largest churches in England and is mainly of the Decorated and Perpendicular periods. The lightness of construction was due to the need for keeping down the weight as much as possible, the foundations resting on little more than riverine mud. There is little doubt, notwithstanding the other suggestions made by various writers, that the altar tomb under an arched Perpendicular recess is that of Sir William de la Pole and his wife Katherine. However little time is given to the examination of the town, a few minutes should be allowed in order to see the house in High Street—a mean byway—where was born in 1759 William Wilberforce,

6 THE YORKSHIRE COAST

famous for his work in connection with the emancipation of slaves.

Hedon. "Treuth is," writes Leland in the reign of Henry VIII., "that when Hulle began to flourish, Heddon decaied," and a glance at the noble church tells one that no mere village could have produced anything so fine. There is a cathedral-like grandeur about the building which has earned for it the title "The King of Holderness," the neighbouring village of Patrington possessing "The Queen." In plan it is cruciform with a Perpendicular central tower rising in two graceful stages to the parapet adorned with sixteen crocketed pinnacles. Hedon was a busy little port in the Middle Ages, but it allowed its waterway to get silted up and overgrown with reeds, and the Humber is now two miles distant. Although no one seems to have taken the trouble to settle the question definitely, I cannot find it disputed that Hedon possesses what is probably the oldest civic mace in this country. It is a very beautiful piece of fifteenth-century craftsmanship—silver-gilt, and with a finely-elaborated head.

It seems quite probable that the road from Hedon to Patrington follows approximately the old shore-line of the Humber, and in this connection it is interesting to note the three tall spires of Keyingham, Ottringham and Patrington have been valuable landmarks for navigators ever since the picturesque seafaring days.

Keyingham. The records of Meaux Abbey tell of a thunderstorm in the summer of 1392, when

9 not only was the upper part of the spire of Keyingham church thrown down, but stones were dislodged from the walls, and even the oaken doors were split. So much reverence was felt for Philip de Ingleberd, who was rector of Keyingham early in the fourteenth century, that he came near to being canonised, while his subtlety in the learning of Aristotle brought him great renown when at Oxford.

Ottringham station is so near to Keyingham that it is scarcely worth while to trouble to make use of it if one has alighted at the former. Only one and a half miles separate the two villages, and from Hedon all the way to the extremity of Yorkshire at Kilnsea, from which projects the narrow causeway terminated by Spurn Head, there is much of interest at some distance from the railway.

Winestead has already been mentioned as the birthplace of Andrew Marvell, whose life has been so admirably written by Mr. Augustine Birrell, who admits, however, that there is much concerning the poet which is shrouded in obscurity in regard both to his private life and his work for Charles II.

Patrington is unchallenged as possessing the finest village church in Great Britain. It is one of those quiet, sleepy, half-forgotten places such as one finds here and there in France, possessed of an architectural treasure of which the present inhabitants are not a little proud, even if they can give no explanation as to how their village came to be so distinguished. The church is satisfying in

8 THE YORKSHIRE COAST

so many ways that it is hard to conjure up anything to add to it. The whole belongs to the Decorated



PATRINGTON CHURCH

Called "The Queen of Holderness," is the most beautiful parish church in England

period (1280-1360) and is cruciform, with stately aisles to nave and transepts. The tower has a spire adorned at about a third of its height with a

WITHERNSEA AND SPURN HEAD 9

remarkable stone coronet supported by tall and slender pillars, and the corners of the tower run up into pinnacles widened at their bases to allow an arch under each.

The detail of the sculptured stone is worth much study, for this was the period when the mediæval craftsman allowed his ideas to reveal themselves in the ornament his chisel was producing. There are curious staircases inside and outside the transepts, and above one of the chapels a pendant of much interest can be seen. Whether it contained a lamp or a valued relic is not known.

Withernsea. The extremity of the railway brings one to the little watering-place of Withernsea, which, in spite of all the efforts of the sea to wash it away, still remains on the map, and attracts to itself every season a great influx of visitors to its sandy shore.

The triangle of land between Withernsea, Patrington and Spurn Head is flat and featureless save for its village churches and the lighthouse at the extremity of the three miles of natural causeway. It is, in a certain sense, a sad and desolate county, and yet to those who like the sense of space and air and the sound of the wind and the surf there is an attraction to be found here. There is always a certain melancholy in the disappearance of land, and still more is this felt when one arrives at Kilnsea and finds the remnants of a village whose church was swallowed by the sea in two mouthfuls in 1826 and 1831.

The entrance to the Humber was in need of

a light in quite early days, but no one seems to have been concerned with the matter until a worthy hermit named Richard Reedbarowe, who lived on the spot, petitioned parliament in the reign of Henry VI. to provide a beacon, and from that time onwards some light has probably been shown at Spurn Head. John Smeaton erected two lighthouses in 1766 showing lights at different heights. The lower one was close to the water's edge, and was destroyed by the waves three times in forty years. These towers merely burnt a coal brazier and were liable to be extinguished in a gale of any exceptional force owing to the terrific heat produced by the wind and the resultant melting of the bars of the beacon. The old high tower put up by Smeaton has been replaced by the present one, which is thirty feet higher and shows a light of 519,000 candle-power—the most powerful on the east coast of England.

While there is a story of quite absorbing interest to be found in the evolution of the modern lighthouse with its dioptric refractors from the hermit's primitive beacon flare, yet that of Ravenserodd and Ravenser or Ravenspurne, two towns of some consequence which at one time flourished just within the crescent-shaped termination of Holderness, is still more remarkable. Contemporary records prove beyond any doubt whatever that these towns existed in the fourteenth century, but like Old Winchelsea in Sussex, they have been destroyed by the element through whose proximity they grew and prospered.

THE RISE OF RAVENSERODD 11

It appears that Ravenser was a typical Danish settlement planted on the low shore within the shelter of the Spurn Head of those days. It is mentioned in an Icelandic saga in connection with the defeat of Haralld Hardrada in 1066. About a century and a half later a sand-bank was formed opposite the little port, and it soon began to appear as an islet and then grew steadily. A small vessel was wrecked there and an enterprising fellow, who seems to have acquired the surname De la Mare, took up his abode in it and began forthwith a small victualling business convenient for passing ships. He prospered, and the island grew larger and yet larger. Others were attracted to the spot and in an amazingly short space of time a new port grew up opposite Ravenser, which in time began to be known as Ald Ravenser. The island assumed the name of Ravenserodd, although it very soon found itself joined to the mainland by a pebbly ridge, so busy was the sea in disgorging the great meals it had partaken along the whole shore south of Bridlington. Both places continued to exist separately. In 1305 Ravenser was represented in parliament by two of its burgesses, and it is recorded that Edward I. in 1298 granted a charter by which Ravenserodd became a free borough. The golden age of the twin ports had arrived in the first half of the fourteenth century, and Grimsby men on the opposite shore felt the keen competition in the victualling business so acutely that they went to law about it and lost their case. They need not

have wasted time or money on lawyers, for the upstart Yorkshire rival's fate had been settled by natural causes. Some change in currents caused the deposit of detritus to cease inside the long curving finger of Spurn Head, instead there came a most sinister change—*the sea began to take back what it had so recently given*, and far-sighted people, among them the De la Poles, transferred themselves to Hull and other ports. The records of Meaux Abbey tell a story of floods and inundations and the gradual desertion of the port of Ravenserodd, and with it went the original Ravenser, so that to-day there is nothing whatever to be found of either place. Further, no attempt appears to have been made to refound them elsewhere. The disaster to the mushroom port occurred somewhere about 1350, so that when Henry of Hereford (soon afterwards Henry IV.) landed in the Humber in 1399 the site was as desolate as it appears to-day.

From Patrington northwards runs a winding road through Aldbrough to Hornsea. Only at Mappleton is one taken near the shore, and a simple calculation can give the year when it will be necessary to divert this section of the highway further inland.

Whitedale is the station on the Hornsea branch line nearest to Aldbrough where, in the church, one finds another notable link with the days before England came under the heel of the Norman Conqueror. This interesting object is a circular Saxon sundial bearing an inscription from which



YORK MINSTER

*A glimpse of the great east window from the south aisle
of the choir*

From a photograph by the author

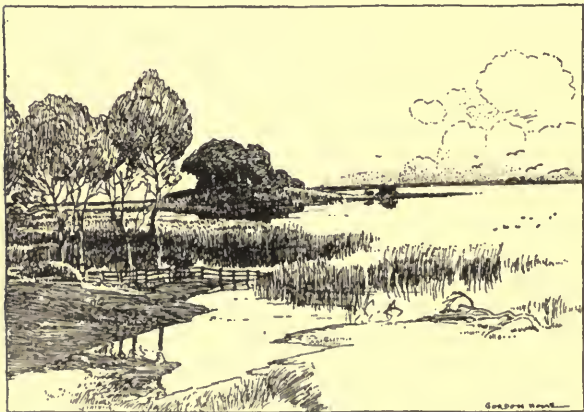
one learns that "Ulf bade rear a church to the poor (or for himself) and for the soul of Gunware." There seems very little doubt that the Ulf mentioned on the sundial was the powerful Earl of Deira who gave his lands to St. Peter's Minster at York, where his finely-decorated horn may be seen to this day. It is fairly certain that this stone was brought to the present church from the earlier one, built by Ulf's orders and long since destroyed by the encroachments of the sea. Among the monuments in this interesting church are two with recumbent effigies representing with little doubt Sir John de Melsa, or Meaux, and his wife Maude.

Rowlston Hall, close to Hornsea, a good mark from the sea, is interesting as having been the residence, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, of William Brough, a marshal of the Admiralty who had earned the dislike of Paul Jones. The house being an easy target from the sea, the pirate gave himself the satisfaction of a passing shot when sailing along this coast, and one of the balls which arrived in this fashion is preserved in the house.

Hornsea is a pleasant little seaside town and a summer resort of some importance, situated between the sea and its mere which is the largest natural lake in Yorkshire—a minor distinction, however, for with the exception of the artificial lakes produced for the supply of water to her large cities, Yorkshire can boast little in this direction. The mere is about two miles in length and is over half a mile broad, and its scenery is quite pleasing.

14 THE YORKSHIRE COAST

It contains pike, eel, roach and perch, and has been the haunt of fishermen throughout many centuries. As long ago as 1260 the respective abbots of Meaux and St. Mary's, York, fell out over the fishing rights in the mere. To settle the matter it was decided to arrange a judicial combat



HORNSEA MERE

between champions selected by the rival abbeys. Although the scene of this remarkable conflict is not known, the result is recorded, for after a struggle lasting all day—the prize ring of to-day does not give such sustained pleasure for its supporters—the men who fought for St. Mary's Abbey had overcome their opponents, and the monks of Meaux were obliged thereafter to restrict their angling to the streams of Holderness.

The church belongs to Decorated and Perpendicular times and had, according to Camden, a steeple "whereof being a high broach or spire, is a notable sea-mark; though now it is much fallen in ruin." It fell in 1733. It was perhaps weakened and shaken by the terrific storm in December 1732, when the roof of the church was damaged, and when, too, the smuggling propensities of the parish clerk were exposed to view. It appears that this worthy was engaged in depositing "run" goods in the small crypt beneath the chancel, when the fury of the storm burst and so terrified him that he had a paralytic stroke, causing loss of speech and his subsequent death.

Burton Agnes. About four miles from this station towards the sea is Barmston, where there still stands the fine Tudor house, the home of the old Yorkshire family of Boynton until it removed to Burton Agnes Hall. There is a good Norman font in the Perpendicular church and an altar tomb bearing the effigy of a knight, possibly Sir Martine de la Mare, who rallied to the support of Edward IV. on his landing at Ravenser in 1471. Rudstone is worthy of a visit on account of the tall monolith, about twenty-five feet above the surface of the ground, which stands in the churchyard. It is probably a prehistoric work, and should be compared with "The Devil's Arrows" at Boroughbridge.

Bridlington. Here the low and not very attractive scenery of Holderness is left behind, and one is on

the confines of the chalk uplands—the Wolds of the East Riding—whose eastern extremity forms the bold headland of Flamborough. The old town of Bridlington, grouped round the great priory church, quiet, sober and dignified, is joined to the port of Bridlington Quay by a street of houses, but the two are as distinct in character as any two places could be. The Quay is a popular seaside resort, visited by multitudes from all over the country during the summer. The result is seen along the shore, where the modern forms of entertainment popular with the present day visitor are displayed conspicuously. The visitor can pass his time on the broad promenades, listen to music and “variety” performances, or enjoy the pleasures of bathing and boating in the sheltered bay.

The quay retains a few indications of the architecture of the old times, when sea-bathing, the cinema-house and other attractions were unknown, from which to reconstruct the appearance of the little harbour on February 22, 1643. On that day Henrietta Maria landed there, bringing with her the arms and ammunition purchased with the funds provided by the sale of the crown jewels of England. The unfortunate queen lodged in a house close to the quay on the night of her landing, and at about 4 a.m. was roused from sleep by a bombardment begun by four Parliamentary ships. Shots were falling so thickly that she yielded to persuasion, and was hurried some little distance out of the town to the shelter of a ditch. On the way “a sergeant was killed



BRIDLINGTON QUAY

*A popular sea-side resort and the scene of the landing in 1643 of Henrietta Maria,
Charles I.'s Queen*

Photochrom Co. Ltd.

within twenty paces of Her," and although the bullets passed chiefly over the heads of the Royalists, "some few onely grazing on the ditch where the Queene was, covered us with earth."

It required five hundred carts to carry to York all the munitions the queen brought over. There were thirty-six brass and two iron guns and small arms for 10,000 men.

The priory church, now the parish church of Bridlington, was rapidly falling into ruin. The chancel had been taken down after the prior and his Augustinian canons surrendered the monastery to Henry VIII.'s commissioners, and this resulted in the fall of the central tower, the transepts being involved in the disaster. Even the nave was roofless when, in 1857, the restoration was carried out by Sir Gilbert Scott.

Of the defences surrounding the priory there remains one sturdy feature—the Bayle Gate, which probably dates from the reign of Richard II., and belongs therefore to the beginning of the Perpendicular period.

Northwards from Bridlington the flat, monotonous coastline is left behind, and all the way to Scarborough there is a picturesquely indented series of cliffs. The corner of the great cretaceous deposit forming the rolling uplands of the Wolds lifts up the boulder clay high above sea-level, so that as Flamborough Head is approached a widening band of whiteness appears along the shore until the brownish-red is only a strip of colour above the gleaming cliffs. Beyond Speeton

the chalk turns inland and forms the steep slopes overlooking the Vale of Pickering. Filey Bay presents a fairly smooth curve of clay and gravel cliffs, reaching to a height of two hundred feet.

Flamborough. Almost within living memory the promontory outside the great artificial dyke, marking it off from the mainland, was a corner of Yorkshire to be visited with caution. The inhabitants were excessively clannish, and there was a very pronounced dislike to strangers. Even to-day the fisher folk of Flamborough preserve in a very remarkable fashion characteristics which show that they have for a long while mixed very little with other stocks. In the latter part of last century the careful work of General Pitt Rivers resulted in the discovery that not only were the people of the headland rather taller than those of the neighbouring parts, but that they were nearly all dark haired, in marked contrast to the fair colouring so usual in Yorkshire.

The sword-dance, an ancient and exceedingly interesting survival of very early times, was kept up at Flamborough until quite recently, and superstitions long dead elsewhere still linger on the headland.

A further discovery of great interest made by General Pitt Rivers was the error in naming the formidable ditch just referred to "The Danes' Dyke." Trenches cut through it in 1879 proved very conclusively, by the finding of flint weapons and flakes in large quantities, that the dyke was the work of prehistoric people not later than the



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

Bronze Age. Throughout the Wolds the discoveries of prehistoric weapons and tools, of burial-places, pottery and entrenchments have been so numerous that there can be no doubt whatever that these chalk uplands were closely inhabited in the remote ages of stone and bronze. The advantages of a natural fortress such as this sea-girt promontory possessed could not have been overlooked, and if not permanently inhabited, it would have at least been a place of refuge during times of war.

The village of Flamborough has an interesting, although partially rebuilt, church. In it there can be seen the very long and detailed inscription to the memory of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, that grand old man of Tudor times, who, at the age of seventy, fought at Flodden Field after the fashion of Massinissa—"nothyng hedyng his age."

There are only two ways down to the shore, one on the north and the other on the southern face of the headland. At the first, the fairly deep cleft in the cliffs is full of picturesqueness and colour, when the brilliantly painted fishing cobs are coming in, or are being prepared for sea. The process of unloading the spoils of the deep and getting them stored in baskets slung over the backs of the stout donkeys employed to carry them up the steep pathway is worth seeing. The deep and picturesque caves, natural arches and isolated stacks dug out by the restless energy of the waves are easily accessible. The modern lighthouse on the headland has near it an old

WRECKS ON FLAMBOROUGH 21

tower of chalk perhaps dating back to Tudor times. It is curious that this earlier beacon—for it can scarcely have been anything else—had completely fallen out of use long before the present lighthouse was built in 1806, and yet the lack of a light on Flamborough was so disastrous to shipping that the records state that 174 wrecks occurred between 1770 and the establishment of the present light. Another popular error it is well to avoid is the association of the name of the cape with the word “flame,” an idea very readily picked up from the presence of the old beacon tower. Domesday Book calls it “Flaneburg,” and “flane” is a Norse word meaning a sword or an arrow.

Bempton. Extensive as are the views up and down the coast from the headland itself, one can get to a much greater height and see a far wider expanse of land and sea if one goes along the cliffs towards Filey. About a mile and a half from Bempton they rise to well over four hundred feet, and for some miles there is a sheer precipice of white chalk, an inestimable boon to seabirds. The ledges and crevices are frequented by puffins, razor-bills and guillemots, and their nests are safe from all but that singular variety of the human species which goes to infinite pains and takes prodigious risks in order to secure fresh examples of eggs which are common to every good collection.

A ramble along the Bempton, Buckton and Speeton cliffs in pleasant weather is a memorable experience for all who appreciate vast spaces of

air and sky, springy turf beneath the feet and great Nature carrying out her slow but sure methods of geographical modification.

Hunmanby. At the entrance to a gap in the face of the Wolds is the large village of Hunmanby, two miles from the sea and overlooking the curve of Filey Bay. It is an attractive little place having a green ornamented with an old headless cross and a church the earliest portions of which are Norman.

Filey is one of the pleasantest little seaside resorts of Yorkshire. It is not spoiled by over-popularity although every schoolboy knows that it possesses the "Brig." This is neither bridge nor ship, but a curious breakwater-like reef composed of oolite rock underlying the glacial clay forming the low sloping cliffs surrounding the bay. The Brig is composed of the same oolitic rock as that which rises to a height of 280 feet at Gristhorp Cliff, three miles to the north-west. Its resistance to sea action is considerable, but the process of erosion is going on steadily, if slowly.

At low tide the Brig lures one to its extremity, even if sea-fishing has no attractions, but all are warned against the obvious dangers of such a reef, however flat and easy may be its surface. To keep the public in mind of the risk run, unless sensible precautions are taken, is the manifest duty of all who describe this feature of Filey, but those who read no books and never dream of purchasing a guide will be warned by the tablet they may notice inscribed to the memory of the M.P. for



FILEY BRIG

The natural breakwater of Oolitic rock protecting one extremity of Filey Bay

Photochrom Co. Ltd.

Nottingham and his wife, who were both swept away by a sudden tidal wave.

The sea-front is very leafy and has sheltered paths traversing the steep slopes. From these the views towards Flamborough add a great deal to the charm of the bay. Above a wooded ravine leading down to the shore is the Transitional Norman church with a plain and severe central tower, and the curious feature of a chancel lower than the nave.

From Filey the railway goes inland to Seamer, while the road clings to the coast, and passing close to Cayton soon brings the fine sweep of Scarborough's South Bay in view.

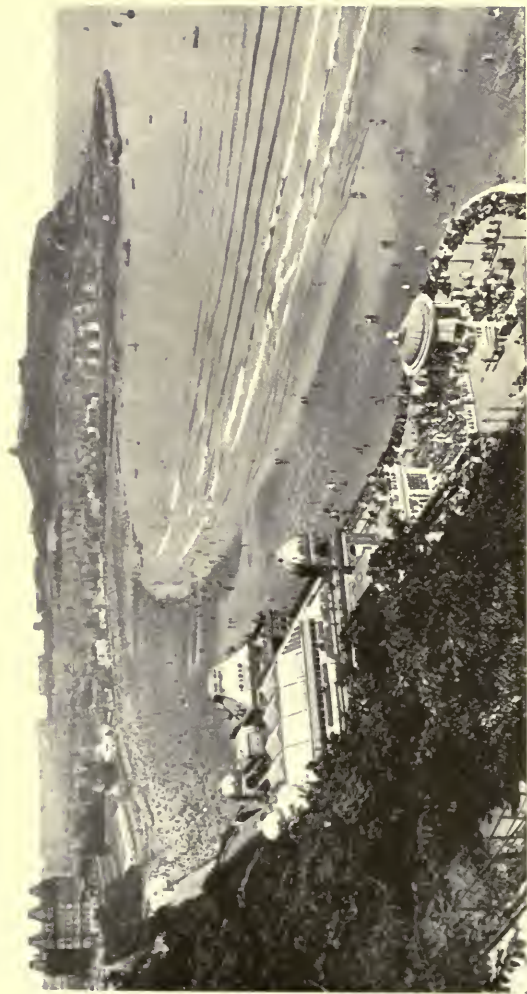
CHAPTER II

THE YORKSHIRE COAST—FROM SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

"THE revolutions which happen to particular places, from various contingencies, during the course of ages," wrote Thomas Hinderwell¹ in 1798, "show the greatest instability of worldly establishments, and ought to humble the pride of the most flourishing establishments." Was the "Queen of Watering Places," through the discovery of medicinal waters and the joys of sea-bathing, becoming in danger of excessive pride in her development from a small fishing town to a fashionable watering-place? But Scarborough had had one foot placed on the ladder of fame as early as the reign of James I., when a certain Mrs. Farrow, "a sensible intelligent lady," discovered the medicinal qualities of the springs close to the shore, and the inhabitants must have become used to the growing importance of the town. A glance at the engraved frontispiece of Mr. Hinderwell's excellent quarto does not suggest in any way that the spa had become at all aggressive in its architecture, for it appears as little more than a cottage of the simplest type, and yet the

Photo (v. opposite) by Photochrom Co.

¹ *The History and Antiquities of Scarborough.*



SCARBOROUGH

The fine curve of the South Bay with the castle and harbour at the extremity

historian of Scarborough thought fit to give out this solemn warning. If he visited the town now, one can scarcely imagine what form his language would take, for the expansion since 1798 is really remarkable, and the old town which nestled under the shadow of the castle and scarcely more than peeped at the North Bay is now completely hemmed in by a network of new streets, so that eighteenth-century Scarborough was but the nucleus of the modern watering-place.

There is no doubt whatever that the bold sweep of Scarborough's Bay, with its lines of modern buildings ranged among trees on the steep ascent from the breaking waves, would be an impressive sight in any case, but its termination in the bold mass of rock upon which stand the ruins of its castle gives the scene a real feeling of grandeur unequalled by any other seaside resort in England.

Because there is no reference to Scarborough in Domesday Book, no one should rush to the conclusion that the place is therefore of no great antiquity. The explanation of that omission is no doubt to be found in the attack on the place in 1066 made by Tosti and Haralld Hardrada, King of Norway, whom the English earl had invited to assist him in his struggle with his brother Harold II., King of England. So far as any indications are given, there was no castle on the promontory, and the little town, doubtless to a great extent built of wood, was burnt by the Norsemen, who flung burning brands upon it from the height where now the castle stands.

26 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

Yorkshire did not settle down quietly under the Conqueror, and there can have been no chance of reconstruction between the date of the disaster and the compilation of the great record twenty years later.

In the reign of Stephen (1135-54) the fortification of the rock began, and during that great period of fortress building, William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, as well as the holder of the extensive domain of Holderness, erected the first castle. It, however, appears to have been indifferently built, for it is described as ruinous when Henry II. obliged the great baron to deliver up the place to him. The magnificent keep erected by Henry's orders still rears one half of its massive bulk against the sky. William le Gros was so affected by the loss of his newly-built castle that he retired to Thornton in Lincolnshire, and, when he died, was buried in the abbey which he had founded there.

During the reign of Edward II. the feeling against the king's favourite, Piers Gaveston, came to a head in Yorkshire, and Edward, with the insolent Gascon, fled from York to Newcastle-on-Tyne and escaped from thence by sea to Scarborough. The king left Gaveston in the castle, where he was besieged by the Earl of Pembroke, and after a spirited defence, capitulated owing to the exhaustion of his provisions. Not long afterwards he was beheaded on Blacklow Hill in Warwickshire.

From this time onwards the story of Scarborough



THE KEEP OF SCARBOROUGH CASTLE

During the Parliamentary War the Castle played a prominent part, and one of its two sieges lasted for over a year

28 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

Castle makes interesting reading, and its last appearance in the annals of England was during the prolonged siege from February 1644 to July 1645. The defence was conducted by Sir Hugh Cholmley of Whitby, who had his wife with him throughout the whole time. The account of the siege given in Sir Hugh's memoirs stirs one's emotions not a little, such a living portrait does he give of the beautiful woman who shared the privations of the garrison without a murmur. One reads of her unmoved courage when her husband received from Sir John Meldrum, the commander of the Parliamentary forces, proposals for his surrender accompanied with the threat of an immediate attack in case of refusal, with no quarter to be given for man or woman. The proposals were rejected and the great assault was repulsed, Meldrum receiving a wound which proved fatal.

One of the most singular stories any town in England can discover in its records is, I think, that of the mayor of Scarborough, Thomas Aislabie, who held office in 1688. It was the year when the Declaration of Liberty of Conscience was published by James II., and the mayor, having received instructions for the reading of the document in public, gave it to Mr. Noel Boteler, the vicar, telling him that it was to be read in church on the following Sunday morning. This, however, was not at all agreeable to the clergyman, the motive for this move towards toleration being plainly visible to him. By this means Roman

Catholicism was to be allowed to recover strength. The mayor was therefore informed that his request was refused. Sunday arrived and during the service in the church the omission became obvious; the mayor was unable to control his feelings, and leaving his seat strode, stick in hand, to the reading-desk, where he proceeded to belabour Mr. Boteler with energy. There is no need to describe the indignation of the congregation at this outrage, and Scarborough spent the rest of the day, and many others following, discussing the affair. Among those who took up the cause of the unfortunate parson was an officer named Ouseley, and he with four other captains were busily considering the pros and cons of the case on the bowling-green on the Monday morning following, when someone suggested that it would be a good plan to ask the mayor to come and explain his action. A courteous message was sent, therefore, to Mr. Aislabie, but to this he deigned to pay no attention. The officers decided thereat to repeat it, accompanied with a small party of musketeers. The mayor arrived on the bowling-green in a state of rage which must have made a quiet discussion obviously impossible, and someone having produced a strong blanket, there were many ready hands to seize the four sides, including those of the gallant captains. How precisely it all happened is not recorded, but somehow or other the mayor found himself close to this group, and before he had time to realise the situation he had been thrown bodily

30 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

upon the blanket and was being flung into the air in a manner which deprived him of breath as well as his last shred of dignity. Although there were no evening papers in Scarborough to announce that its mayor had been tossed in a blanket, the news spread with incredible rapidity, and it became necessary for Mr. Aislaby to repair to London to seek redress. However, the officers were too quick for him. Captain Ouseley also hurried to the capital, and made such a good case that he received the king's pardon a few weeks later.

After this experience Scarborough decided to have done with mayors, and in the same year reverted to the system of appointing two bailiffs which had existed prior to 1684.

In December 1914 the castle suddenly discovered that in spite of the fact that for two and a half centuries it had been ignored as a place of military consequence, yet it was not being forgotten by the nation which had run amok in Europe. German warships decided that it would be worth while to put a few shells into the mediæval ruins, selecting the old barracks, a small structure on the castle hill, as their target. The building was empty and the damage caused was of no importance. Not content, however, with this demonstration, the Huns shelled the town itself, causing loss of life and some damage without gaining for themselves any military advantage whatever.

Hayburn Wyke. For a few miles north of Scarborough the coast consists of gritstone and

shale cliffs not rising much over one hundred feet above sea-level, and it is not until Hayburn Wyke is reached that one finds any picturesque feature. At this spot a beck tumbles through a prettily wooded hollow and falls over limestone ledges on to the beach. This place is also a good starting-point for rambles over the moors, where a stone circle and many other remains of the prehistoric inhabitants are scattered far and wide.

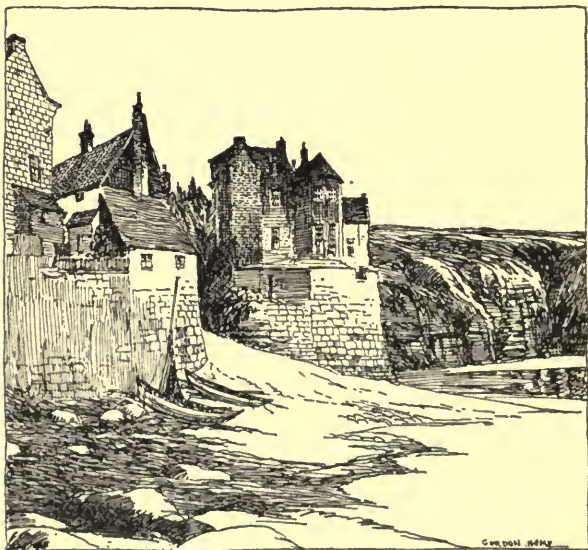
Staintondale. From about a mile north of Hayburn Wyke begins Staintondale Cliff, the boldest continuous mass of cliff to be found on the coast of Yorkshire. It continues to rise until, at The Peak, overlooking Robin Hood's Bay, it attains 585 feet. On this commanding height there stands a house, built in 1774, called Raven Hall, now used as a hotel. It was during the digging of its foundations that an inscribed Roman stone¹ was discovered, and from it the fact became known that this commanding height had been used in Roman times as a fort, Justinian being governor of the province at the time and Vindician general of the forces.

Robin Hood's Bay. Deep in its narrow hollow at the northern end of the bay is the very quaint little fishing village named after the famous outlaw. I have never been able to discover any substantial evidence for associating Robin Hood with this remote place on the Yorkshire coast, and am obliged to leave the matter in the realm of tradition. In any case there is an atmosphere

¹ Now in Whitby Museum.

32 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

of smuggling days about the half-hidden village so satisfying that the average visitor feels quite sure that queer things must have happened here in the days before the railway ran its inquisitive



THE BAY TOWN. ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

track close to the sleepy little place. Modern houses are now dotted over the high ground, but the single narrow street down the cleft to the sea remains as it has been for many generations, and the tradition of perfect, almost Dutch, cleanliness still prevails in most pleasing fashion. At the seaward end of the street the houses terminate

in two bastion-like structures, on one of which stands the coastguard station, its trim and spotless appearance being in no way conspicuous in a place where untidiness is unknown. For a little holiday combining the pleasures of sea and moor it is hard to beat an unsophisticated spot of this character.

Whitby. A walk of half-a-dozen miles brings the beautiful ruins of Whitby Abbey in sight, the fretted outline thrown out against the skyline above the dark shale and lias cliffs terminating in Saltwick Nab. Here again shells from German warships caused damage during the Great European War of 1914-18—the only instance, I believe, in which a Gothic structure was damaged in this country during the struggle. Fortunately, the general picturesqueness of the scene has not been impaired, and the church of St. Hilda's Abbey, standing on its wind-swept cliff, still reminds all who come of the early years of monasticism in England.

There is not another town in this island which compares with Whitby for such a fine combination of charm and historical association. Fowey in Cornwall has beauty of situation, but boasts no abbey, and its history is meagre in comparison with the northern port. Dartmouth, Bideford and St. Ives have their claims to picturesqueness which are undeniable, without in any way rivalling Whitby. Even merely to catalogue the features of this Yorkshire gem takes some space, for besides the abbey there is the curious old church

34 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

of St. Mary, also placed on the cliff top high above the harbour, and approached by a most unusual flight of steps; there is the abbey house which became the home of Sir Hugh Cholmley; there is the picturesque seafaring life in the harbour, the pleasant boating up the river Esk, the proximity of heather-grown moorland, of wooded glen, and an exceptionally fine stretch of coast-line. When the weather compels one to keep under cover there is a museum and a library where the story of Whitby can be studied in a large room whose big windows command a fascinating view over the harbour. In Chapters V. and VI. the moorland walks and scenery are described.

Modern Whitby has occupied the western side of the tidal waters of the inlet, and has not interfered with the old town, whose one long street and its many byways, steps, and passages are perched between the water and the East Cliff. From the upper end of the estuary, where the railway viaduct now spans the river, the view used to be exceedingly attractive, and even to-day, in spite of modern callousness to a scene of such beauty, the panorama of Whitby is memorable.

From the writings of Bede it is known that the first monastery at the mouth of the Esk bore the name Streaneshalch. It was founded in 657 by Hilda, who had been Abbess of Hartlepool, the site having been given by King Oswiu of Northumbria. Owing to her saintly character the new abbey prospered exceedingly; Bede recounts how even kings and princes came long distances



WHITBY ABBEY AND HARBOUR
Viewed from the shore towards Sandsend

36 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

to get advice from the abbess. The monastery was for both men and women, and from it were taken five monks who became bishops, *i.e.* Bosa, Hedda, Oftfor, John, and Wilfred—a successor of the famous saint. About 664 there was held at the newly-founded abbey a synod of the greatest importance. The idea of this council had originated with Oswiu, who had slain the heathen Penda, King of the Mercians, in the battle of Wingfield. He wished to settle the question of the jurisdiction of one of the two rival churches whose influences were clashing, and the two questions of importance discussed were the tonsure and the date of Easter. Oswiu favoured the Roman cause, and the synod resulted in the universal prevalence of the jurisdiction of the Church of Rome. Bede also gives an account of the life of Cædmon, a stable servant of the monastery who developed a wonderful power of poetic expression. Involved though this is in a mist of legend and miracle, the fact emerges that this man, in the humble employment of the abbey, ranks among the earliest English poets.

Until the incursions of the Danes in the ninth century, Streaneshalch flourished; then, about 870, occurred the hideous sacking which caused this centre of civilising influences to disappear until after the Norman Conquest. Having been refounded as a Benedictine house under the Norse name of Whitby, it continued to be of some importance until the Dissolution in 1540. There exist many engravings which show the abbey ruins in much greater completeness than they now

appear. At the present day one sees only the chancel, the north transept, and a fragment of the nave, and even this was damaged during the German bombardment already referred to. The domestic buildings were incorporated in the house



WHITBY HARBOUR

St. Mary's Church and the Abbey appear on the East Cliff where Sir Hugh Cholmley took up his residence early in the seventeenth century. While the house was being repaired and being made habitable he lived in the abbey gate-house, and the alterations carried out in his time no doubt masked and destroyed much of the Gothic structure which Sir Richard Cholmley had purchased from Henry VIII.'s commissioners.

The curious old church of St. Mary, whose massive embattled tower adds so much picturesqueness to the East Cliff, is so disfigured with galleries and the "churchwarden" type of high pew that it can almost claim to surpass in grotesqueness any other parish church in the kingdom. There is hardly a corner in which it has been possible to introduce a clumsy gallery which has not been amply filled, and the impression on first entering the solemn old building is that one has strayed by accident into a nightmare beehive. The structure preserves externally its Norman and Early English characteristics.

The lias shale of the Whitby coast is of intense interest to the palæontologist. It has yielded very fine specimens of the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, and a teleosaurus found at Saltwick Nab. Belemnites, ammonites, and a variety of other sea creatures of the Mesozoic Age are strewn lavishly on the beach. The ammonites were observed in the far-off days of Hilda, and the superstition arose that her saintliness had such wonder-working powers that she could turn into stone the snakes infesting the neighbourhood.

From Whitby a smooth three miles of shore terminates at the suitably-named village of Sandsend, where bold cliffs of alum shale stand out against the merciless battering of the ocean.

Two valleys, deep, long and heavily wooded, run very close and parallel courses from the moorland heights down to the shore at Sandsend.



SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA

A. H. Robinson



Overlooking one of these little gorges stands the seventeenth-century Mulgrave Castle, and embowered in trees lower down can be seen a circular



THE OLD CASTLE OF MULGRAVE

tower of the mediæval stronghold associated with a shadowy Saxon named Wada. The public is permitted to walk through this exceedingly beautiful little dale, and it is a rare privilege to

wander along the delightful paths by the splashing waters of the beck which pours its waters among moss-grown rocks and sweet-smelling ferns. At the seaward end of the southern valley is East Row, a hamlet now joined to Sandsend by new villas for summer visitors.

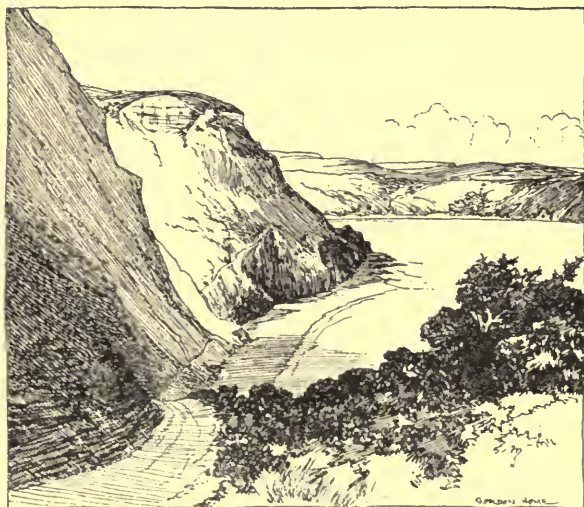
A very steep hill mounts up from Sandsend to the village of Lythe, where stands a weather-stained little church to which the people of the hamlet below have climbed for many generations past. It is a fine situation overlooking the sweeping curve of Dunsley Bay, with the piers of Whitby standing out among the waves.

Reference to this bay recalls the theory that this was Dunum Sinus—the point where the Roman road from York through Malton and Cawthorne Camp (p. 109) reached the sea. The smooth sand would no doubt have been a convenient landing-place in good weather.

Kettleness. High above the delicious little bay of Runswick is a convenient station where one can alight and find spread out before one as fine a coast view as Yorkshire possesses. A very steep and uncertain path descends the great cliff of crumbling shale, and from a point half-way down a very attractive picture presents itself with the tiny fishing hamlet from which the bay takes its name perched on the steep green slopes opposite. Above and beyond are the heathery moorland wastes, chequered on their nearer slopes with patches of cultivation.

It is generally possible to find a boat to take one

across the bay from the Kettleness side, and while crossing it is easy to see where the fall of the grey cliff in 1829 caused the destruction of several cottages forming part of the village perched on the cliff-top. Subterranean rumbling sounds so



RUNSWICK BAY FROM KETTLENESS

alarmed the occupants of the houses that they hurried on board a sailing vessel lying in the bay, and thus witnessed in safety the disturbing sight of the collapse and complete disappearance of their homes.

Instead of crossing by boat, one can walk round the bay and see a cave known as Hob-Hole.

According to the local superstition only lately abandoned, there lived here a well-disposed hob—a kindly little fellow whom no one had ever seen, but who would, if asked in the right manner, cure a child of whooping-cough.

Beyond its charming situation and the picturesqueness of a confusion of red roofs and patches of neatly-kept garden Runswick possesses no interest. There is cottage accommodation to be had in the village during the summer, and the simple but very good fare includes all the varieties of Yorkshire cakes and scones, the mere mention of which recalls memories of never-to-be-forgotten meals enjoyed after long days on the moors. Hinderwell is a short stroll up the cliff, and here, too, quarters can be found during the summer with the convenience of a station on the spot.

Staithes. Two becks whose sources are high on the Cleveland Hills find their way to the sea through a dale whose entrance is marked by Colburn Nab, and at this point is the curiously ramshackle village of Staithes. It has for many centuries been the home of a very fine type of North Sea fisherman. He can be seen there to-day altered but little from his ancestors, who lived their lives as remote from softening influences as any highlanders of the present generation in some inaccessible western loch. It was, I am credibly informed, a difficult matter in times gone by to stroll into Staithes without running the risk of being a target for stones. Probably the same

spirit of wariness found in all remote communities unused to casual intercourse with strangers made for a certain hostility. The business of getting the boats ready for sea and the unloading and packing of fish is very largely carried out by the women of the village, and the scenes on the shore are often so full of colour and picture-making qualities that one is not surprised to find that artists are now very attached to the village.

A flat shelf of rock of the Jurassic Age is left bare by the waves at low tide, and from this can be seen a very impressive view of the great cliffs of Boulby. They are the highest on the whole of the English coast-line, reaching 660 feet, and are a great sea-washed buttress of the Cleveland Hills.

Loftus, although in a very pleasing situation, makes no appeal to the wayfarer. It is chiefly composed of the unattractive rows of houses considered suitable for those who earn their livelihood in mines or factories—some of the iron-mines and smelting works of the Cleveland district being situated here. During the eighteenth century, when the Greenland whale-fishing enterprise flourished at Whitby, the ample supply of whalebone gave rise to the stay-making industry at Loftus. It appears to have died out when the whalers ceased to bring their catches to the neighbouring port.

Even if one has no great inclination to remain long at Loftus, it is essential to pause long enough to hear certain strange stories belonging to the

44 SCARBOROUGH TO THE TEES

neighbourhood. One of them is the tradition associated with a circular mound and standing stone near the village. At this spot a dragon, also called a grisly worm, was slain by some doughty personage, whose stone coffin lid is pointed out for the discomfiture of doubters. There are no details to help the story, and no one appears to have found the bones of this worm; but stay, there may be some basis for the tradition after all. There was discovered at Loftus in the middle of last century a fine example of the plesiosaurus—a giant lizard-like creature of those remote ages when the Earth was younger. To bridge the yawning gap between the saurian and the worm of tradition is a matter I leave to the reader, while I proceed to recount a story still stranger on account of the amazingly circumstantial manner of presentation by a writer as near our own times as the year 1535.

Some fishermen of Skinningrove (between Loftus and the sea) one day hauled into their boat a merman, or “sea-man” as the sixteenth-century writer gives it. He was taken up to a disused house and for several weeks he remained there, living on the raw fish supplied to him—he would touch nothing else. Crowds came to Skinningrove to see the creature, and found his manners delightfully courteous. It was noticed that he paid great attention to any “fayre maydes” among his visitors, gazing at them very earnestly, “as if his phlegmaticke breaste had been touched with a sparke of love.” It appears that in time it was

no one's affair to watch the creature's movements, and in this way one day he managed to regain the element from which he had been taken. Many more details are given which the curious can read for themselves in the document from which I have quoted.

Beyond the next ridge from Loftus, and at the foot of the Skelton Beck, is the popular seaside holiday resort of Saltburn.

Saltburn-by-the-Sea has a pier and a long stretch of sand at the foot of low grassy cliffs composed of reddish clay. It is a place of recent growth, and its history is all associated with its development as a summer resort. The low alluvial land towards the estuary of the Tees is spread out as a map if viewed from the higher ground behind Saltburn, and the wide panorama includes the southern portion of the county of Durham.

Redcar and *Coatham* form a double town to which the people of crowded Middlesbrough and other towns further inland have easy access. All the usual forms of amusement for the artisan holiday crowds are provided at Redcar, and when this has been said there is little to add, save a mention of the fine stretch of sand which reaches beyond Saltburn to the foot of Huntcliff Nab. The two watering-places are obviously the offspring of Middlesbrough, and their continued existence is more or less ancillary to the prosperity of the iron-making town.

Middlesbrough is the youngest of the great industrial cities in the United Kingdom. Before

1829 the place did not exist, and the land on which it now stands might have remained grass-grown had not a small group of enterprising men conceived the idea of creating a port for the shipping of coal. The discovery of both coal and iron in the Cleveland district close by secured the future of the new town, whose population is now 104,767. The exports of pig-iron have fluctuated, and the town has had ups and downs of fortune owing to the limited nature of its enterprise. The blast furnaces are now very numerous and they include some of the largest existing. As a town, there is little to say that is flattering. The streets are wide and the building material is largely red brick employed without inspiration.

CHAPTER III

SELBY AND THE COUNTRY SOUTH OF YORK

It is hardly realised by those who have had neither the time nor the inclination to explore the southern parts of Yorkshire, how much there is of unspoiled country, and what a number of places there are near the manufacturing districts still retaining picturesque buildings of much historic interest. The ignorance of George III. on this subject was fixed in his German mind, for he was convinced that Yorkshire was a very ugly county, and when told that it was not so, he ejaculated, "What, what, what, Yorkshire coal-pits picturesque!" As a matter of fact, in spite of a century or more of growing industrialism, only a corner of the great county is ugly, and a little to the east of a line drawn between Leeds and Rotherham, although the proximity of the great manufacturing centres can be felt, the country as a whole is still unchanged.

Escrick has within easy reach of it three places of much interest. To the east there is Skipwith, whose church has a Saxon tower and a south door adorned with very rich ironwork, possibly belonging to the twelfth century. There is also a collection of tumuli on the common.

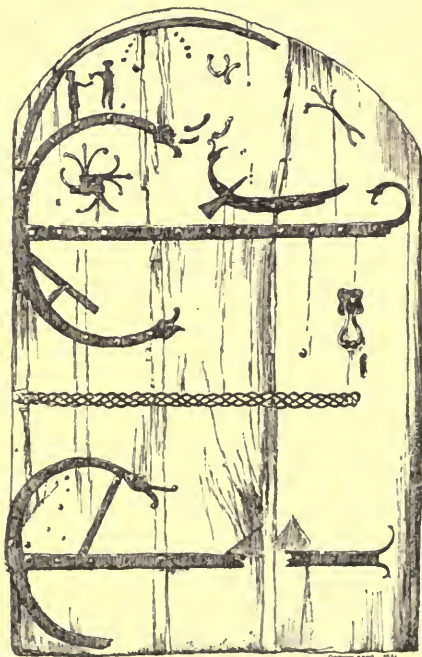
Westward from the railway is Stillingfleet where one finds, in the midst of pretty scenery, another church of absorbing interest, also possessing a door of about the same period as that of Skipwith. The ironwork is more interesting on account of the figures and the boat it displays, and the woodwork is so obviously of early date that it may easily be coeval with the metal. The doorway is a fascinating example of very highly enriched Norman work. A chapel, founded in the first half of the fourteenth century by Nicholas Moreby, is full of interest and contains a Moreby effigy and other good tombs.

It is known that Haralld Hardrada brought some of his ships up the Ouse to Stillingfleet in 1066, and a story, possibly based on fact, has been preserved in the locality of the nailing to the door of the church of the skin of one of the Norse (or Danish) invaders.

Cawood is a quaint little old-world market-town on the banks of the Ouse. Here one can see the picturesque remains of the palace of the Archbishop of York, where, in 1530, Wolsey, not long after his fall, was arrested by the Earl of Northumberland.

Selby stands on the banks of the Ouse in the flat green country of the southern half of the Vale of York. It has had the good fortune to preserve its abbey church, and dominated by this noble pile the town cannot fail to have a note of distinction despite the featurelessness of the surrounding landscape. Shortly before midnight on October 19, 1906, great red tongues of flame were

seen shooting out of the north side of the abbey church, and all night long the fire burnt furiously in spite of great efforts on the part of fire brigades



THE NORMAN DOORWAY OF STILLINGFLEET CHURCH
The ironwork is among the oldest in England

from as far as Leeds and York. When conquered, the conflagration had consumed almost all that was inflammable. While by great good fortune the magnificent Norman nave only suffered the

loss of its roof, the heat in the north transept was so intense that great stone piers were calcined to half their thickness. Funds were forthcoming for the work of restoration, and to-day it is hard to realise the magnitude of the disaster, so great has been the skill displayed in repair.

The story of the founding of the Benedictine monastery at Selby is given in great detail by a monk of the abbey. From it one hears of a monk of Auxerre, named Benedict, who came up the Humber in a small vessel and landed in 1069 at the spot where Selby now stands. Yorkshire had recently been devastated by Northmen and William the Conqueror's army, and it was said that there was not an occupied monastery left in the country. The new king, however, encouraged Benedict with a grant of land and other aid later, and may therefore be called the founder.

Wooden buildings were erected, and twenty-seven years later, Hugh, the second abbot, began the first stone structure. There is little doubt that some of his work exists to-day in the eastern portions of the nave and aisles, and the probability that they were designed by the same hand as the nave of Durham Cathedral is great. In spite of the fire, the choir contains much that is interesting, including some of the grave slabs of the early abbots.

It is to be doubted if the records of any religious house are free from grave misdemeanour, and Selby can certainly claim no such distinction. Possibly few monasteries were cursed with such a



YORK MINSTER

head as Abbot Thomas de Whalley, who was deposed as the result of Archbishop Wickwaine's visit in person in 1279-80. From the many charges against this abbot the following are quoted:—He seldom heard matins out of bed, he did not preach or teach, was haughty and malicious towards his brethren, never slept in the dormitory, rarely entered the choir, was quarrelsome and negligent and ill-deposed in all that pertained to divine affairs, and, in short, was altogether incorrigible. Further than this, he was found guilty of improper relations with the lady of Whenby, as well as a girl named Bodeman who lived at the monastery-gate. This abbot was also a hot-tempered type, for on one occasion he showed violence in the choir, from which he dragged William de Stormworthe. From others he caused effusion of blood, and if this catalogue of impropriety were not enough, he was also charged with incantation and sorcery. This little book could easily be filled with the grave scandals found in the abbeys of Yorkshire revealed by the periodical visitations, and the more one studies them the greater is one's amazement at the average laxity of rule discovered.

Hambleton. From this station it is about five miles to the village of Birkin, where a gem of Norman architecture is to be found. This village church ranks with that of Adel, near Leeds, for its completeness and excellent state of preservation. It has had little alteration besides the addition of an aisle and the raising of the tower by a storey,

and it contains many features of interest in addition to its very perfect vaulted apse.

South Milford. A little more than a mile to the north is Sherburn-in-Elmet, a village on rising ground, where the site of a palace can still be seen in a field known as Hall Garth. It may have been at some time a royal residence, but of this there is no evidence, and there is little enough to prove anything as to its having been a palace of the archbishops of York. Traditionally Edward IV. climbed the tower of the Norman church on the eve of the battle of Towton, fought in a snow-storm on Palm Sunday, 1461, a few miles to the north on the Tadcaster road. The Lancastrians were defeated, the bloodshed was horrible, and Henry VI. and Margaret were compelled to seek safety in Scotland.

In the churchyard there are portions of two ancient stone crosses and in the church itself there are many Saxon fragments of interest.

Temple Hirst. About five miles to the east, close to the Aire, is Snaith, a pleasant little town with an interesting church of several periods, and a few miles further down the river one reaches Rawcliffe, the home of that most strangely eccentric character, Jemmy Hirst. He was born in 1738, and at school at Pontefract was soon discovered to be an incorrigible little scapegrace. Throughout his life this love of mad escapades was shown. When following the hounds he rode his favourite bull "Jupiter," and would appear at Snaith market on his back. With much difficulty he

trained pigs to act as pointers, instead of dogs, and he kept a coffin in his sitting-room. George III. came to know of this strange creature and, at his command, Jemmy went to London to have an interview with the king. He died in 1829 at the age of ninety-one and, as might be expected, had an extraordinary funeral.

Pontefract is now at the edge of the coal-mining district, and has suffered in appearance in consequence without being entirely deprived of its picturesqueness, and had the castle not been so thoroughly destroyed after the sieges it sustained during the Civil War, the town would doubtless have retained something of the atmosphere of its past. The early history of Pontefract is associated with its Norman owners, the Lacys, one of whom was slain at the Battle of the Standard. In the fourteenth century Richard II. was brought here a prisoner from Knaresborough, and here he met his death in circumstances all of which point to murder.

Many details of the sieges of the castle during the Parliamentary War are recorded in diaries and other records which are worth reading on account of the light they shed on daily life in such circumstances.

Doncaster was the Roman Danum, and has been on the highway between north and south from the earliest times. To-day the great express trains to York and Scotland arrive here from London in as many hours as the coaches took days to cover the distance, and turning over the pages of

its history one finds records of many a royal visit to the town caused by the need for halting for the night. In this way James VI. of Scotland stopped at the Sun and Bear Inn in 1603 on his way to London to assume the crown of Great Britain. Charles I., in 1644, attended service in the great parish church which was destroyed by fire in 1853. The present building is entirely modern from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott and Lord Grimthorpe.

Conisborough Castle, about five miles south-west of Doncaster, rears its great circular keep conspicuously above this portion of the valley of the Don and is famous in fiction through its appearance in the pages of Scott's *Ivanhoe*. The presence of coal in this district is causing the destruction of the charm of a place which, in Sir Walter's time, was undoubtedly one of exceptional beauty. There can be little doubt that the Saxon kings had a palace here, and the artificial mound crowned by the keep belongs probably to that time.

Wressle. The great border family of Percy held two castles in Yorkshire, one at Wressle and the other at Leconfield. The latter has gone, and Wressle is, strangely enough, the only castle left in the East Riding. It consists now of nothing more than the burnt-out shell of two towers and the walls connecting them, a fire in 1796 having destroyed all the woodwork. The other three sides of the castle were demolished by order of parliament in 1648. In the portion of the quadrangle spared were the great chamber or dining-room, the drawing chamber and the chapel, and but for the

tragedy of the fire one might have seen to-day the rooms which are described as having been richly ornamented with "a profusion of ancient sculpture." A very great interest attaches to Wressle in connection with a remarkable MS. compiled about 1512. It is called *The Booke of all the Directions and Orders for keepynge of my Lordes Hous yerely*, and in it are found details of the establishment and regulations for running the Earl of Northumberland's household at this and Leconfield castles. From the brushing of clothes and the baking of bread, to the number of people who slept in each bed, when the household moved, and the meals consumed in Lent, no details are missing, in fact a study of this volume enables one to get a closer view of a princely household at the beginning of the sixteenth century than anything else existing.

Hemingborough church (once collegiate) is cruciform and has a remarkable spire 120 feet in height rising above the central tower. The transepts are very beautiful Perpendicular work, and there is much fine woodwork, including carved bench ends.

Howden is a name well known to historians on account of the chronicle written in the twelfth century by Roger de Hoveden, or Howden. The splendid church was, like Hemingborough, collegiate, and it, too, was a foundation of Durham. There is a most noble Perpendicular central tower and a chapter-house in ruins, built very early in the same period.

Between Selby and Spurn Head there are thus five of the most notable churches in Yorkshire—the two just mentioned, Holy Trinity, Hull, and those of Hedon and Patrington.

Church Fenton, a railway junction of some importance, has a good thirteenth-century church, and near by is the site of Towton Field where Edward IV. gained his decisive victory in 1461.



TADCASTER CHURCH FROM THE BRIDGE

Tadcaster is a brewing town of great antiquity; it seems to have begun the industry as long ago as the thirteenth century, and at the present day its huge brew-houses lift their great bulk high above the horizon when viewed from afar.

There is no doubt that the Roman town of *Calcaria* was situated here, and there would certainly have been a bridge at this place to carry the road from *Eboracum* to *Mancunium*

(Manchester). The Perpendicular church embowered in fine trees makes a delightful picture viewed from the bridge over the Wharfe. Tadcaster possesses the oldest English milestone *in situ*.

Bardsey. A very pretty walk of about five miles leads through East Keswick and along a straight tree-bordered road to the entrance gates of Harewood Park, adjoining which is the picturesque stone-built village. Harewood House is an eighteenth-century structure, classic and gloomy, situated in an admirable position on a terrace overlooking a lake backed by a densely-wooded dale. The church in the park stands near the house, and a long half-mile from the village. It would not be interesting were it not for the magnificent series of fifteenth-century altar-tombs and effigies to be found in a chapel south of the chancel. These are chiefly to the memory of the Redman and Ryther families. All lack inscriptions except that to the memory of Judge Gascoigne, who was chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Henry IV., and, according to the tradition, to which Shakespeare makes allusion, committed the Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.) to prison for contempt of court. Gascoigne's effigy in alabaster appears in his robes of office, and by him is the graceful figure of his wife Elizabeth wearing the attractive crespine and veil head-dress of the time. The old castle of Harewood is a most interesting ruin, easily seen from the road where it bends towards the bridge across the Wharfe.

If, instead of crossing the river, one continues

58 SELBY AND SOUTH OF YORK

for a mile in the direction of Otley, a turning to the left can be taken leading to Adel, some five or six miles to the south. The village church there has already been referred to in connection with Birkin, its rival claimant to being the finest Norman church in the county. The south doorway is built out under a gable after the fashion of King Cormac's chapel at Cashel and some of the most notable of the early Irish churches.

CHAPTER IV

YORK AND THE WOLDS

ENCIRCLED by mediæval walls, whose regularity is relieved by four of the most strikingly picturesque gateways in England, York at once arrests the interest of the wayfarer. So often does the modern aspect of a place of great historic importance disappoint those who come from far to bask in an atmosphere of the Middle Ages, that the visitor is almost overwhelmed when, on leaving the railway station, he finds that he cannot enter the city without either passing through a gateway or arch, or scaling a steep grassy bank surmounted by a crenellated wall in perfect repair, and within this circle of defence, despite a thousand features which jar, there remains so much that belongs to the long centuries of the city's existence that it is easy to wander from age to age seeing little besides the actual buildings of each period.

The very beginnings of the city can be studied at the castle, where Clifford's Tower now crowns an artificial mound generally regarded as the chief defensive feature of the British settlement of Eboracum. The site was naturally a strong one at the confluence of the Fosse and the Ouse. For the next period, when York had been brought

under the control of Rome, there is the massive multangular tower at the western angle of the walls, and in the museum and its grounds many remains of the Roman occupation can be studied.

Following the detachment of Britain from Roman control came the long centuries of invasion and disorder, and of this period there is the tower of the church of St. Mary (Bishopill) Junior. It appears to consist of Roman materials used again in Saxon times. In the crypt of the minster, too, there are walls of Saxon masonry, and it is



ULF'S HORN

A Saxon drinking horn preserved in York Minster

quite possible that they belong to the church constructed by Edwin, King of Northumbria, who was converted to Christianity by Paulinus. Also in the minster can be seen the horn of the Saxon Ulf or Ulphus referred to on p. 13. Of the Norman period the remains are more numerous. Besides the minster crypt there are doorways and other features of this style of architecture in several churches.

From this age onwards the visitor can study every period from existing buildings. Merely to mention them all would take more space than this sketch can afford, but those that should on no account be missed after seeing the glories of the



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YORK MINSTER

*In the foreground is Bootham Bar, one of the four
mediaeval gateways of the city*

minster are St. William's College; St. Mary's Abbey and the King's Manor, a fine Tudor building incorporating the remains of the abbot's house; the Guildhall, erected in 1446; the Merchant Venturers' Hall; Clifford's Tower, on the ancient mound in the castle enclosure; the four chief gates, *i.e.* Bootham, Monk, Walmgate and Micklegate Bars; and some of the more interesting churches. Stonegate, Petergate and the Shambles give one a very good impression of the picturesqueness of the streets of sixteenth-century York, and scattered all over the city are to be found curious old fronts and quaint corners. These are likely to become fewer unless the citizens form a strong body for their preservation.

The west front is not the best feature of the minster, the towers compare ill with the splendid dignity of the central one, and as though revealing the city's indifference to this aspect of its mighty fane, a contemptible little row of mean and featureless brick houses has been built facing it. Their removal is imperative, and it is to be hoped that early action will show the world that the people of York are able to appreciate the wonderful legacy from the Middle Ages with which they have been entrusted.

From the wall between Bootham and Monk Bars one of the finest views of the minster can be enjoyed. The Perpendicular eastern portions, with the graceful lesser transepts, the Early English north transept and the chapter-house are all seen to great advantage without having to crane the head

backwards or run risks from passing traffic. Every period of English architecture is represented in the vast pile, and to those who are interested in stained glass, the windows are a dream of wonderful colour and interesting design; and having brought the reader to these lovely survivals of Gothic craftsmanship I can leave him to pursue his way, guide-book in hand, in search of the architectural treasures for which the city holds a position of proud pre-eminence.

Between York and the low coastal region of Holderness is the great crescent of chalk wolds whose horns are at Flamborough and a little to the north of Hull. It is a rolling upland country of smooth contours, with steep slopes to the west and north. Until the eighteenth century this great district has been described as one vast sheep walk, and on these wide upland pastures large quantities of the wool and hides which found their way to Hull were grown. It is now largely an agricultural country, and is dotted over with half-forgotten villages, where the churches sometimes possess features of great interest. A choice of two lines of railway presents itself: that to Market Weighton, where branches go to Beverley and Great Driffeld; and the line to Malton. Commencing with the first-mentioned, a halt must be called where the road crosses the Derwent.

Stamford Bridge. It was here, in the fateful year 1066, that Harold completely defeated his brother Tosti and the Norse under Haralld Hardrada. The central point of the battlefield, according to

BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE 63

the descriptions in existence, was the bridge, situated then higher up the river, doubtless in line with the Roman road.

If one follows the main road to Great Driffield



STAMFORD BRIDGE

Near this point on the Derwent Tosti was defeated by his brother Harold of England

and turns to the left at the fork beyond the turning to Skirpenbeck, one reaches Bugthorpe, where a curiosity in ecclesiology is found in the church, which has two chancel arches, one Norman and the other (to the east) Decorated. Two miles further on is Kirby Underdale, placed, as its name indicates, at the foot of the steep chalk bluffs,

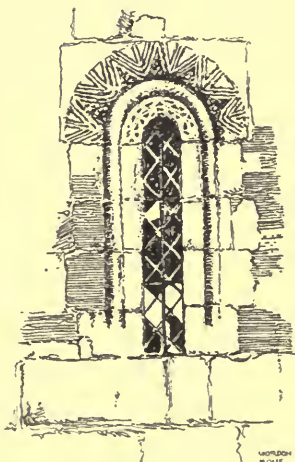
whose greatest elevations are five hundred feet higher. It is one of the most delightfully situated villages in the East Riding. The church is an interesting example of Transitional Norman, and it is interesting to recall that Bishop Thirlwall, rector of the parish, completed his *History of Greece* while he held the living.

It is worth the effort to make the ascent of the chalk amphitheatre, and get the vast view over the Vale of York, with the towers of the minster about a dozen miles away. The descent towards Pocklington can be made by a lane leading to Bishop Wilton, where an entrenched site may indicate the position of a palace, for the archbishop certainly held land here in Saxon times. Apart from this feature the village is notable for its fine Norman church, restored with great thoroughness, if with some lack of discretion.

Pocklington. This little town is adorned by the tall Perpendicular tower of its spacious cruciform church. Notable features are the carving of the capitals in the Early English nave, a credence table in the choir, a Norman font and an Elizabethan monument to Thomas Dolman, who is shown on his death-bed. Pocklington has a grammar school dating back to the reign of Henry VIII.

Nunburnholme. Close to this station is the church of Burnby, containing many interesting features and a very curious lancet window in the south wall of the chancel. Nunburnholme itself has a quaint little Norman church standing away

from the village. A steep-sided valley, wooded to the north, penetrates the face of the Wolds in somewhat picturesque fashion, and leads to the model village of Warter. The site of the Augustinian Priory, near the church, has been excavated, and among other discoveries, there was brought to light the stone slab of Prior Thomas Brydlyngton, one of the last to hold office before the suppression. A pleasant upland road commanding extensive views takes one to Londesborough, a place of great historic interest, for it is perhaps the site of the Roman Delgovitia, and a Roman road certainly came here. Further than this, it is possible that this place was chosen by kings of Northumbria for a summer palace. At one time the Cliffords held Londesborough, and in the church is a brass, dated 1493, to Margaret, Lady Clifford, wife of the ninth Lord Clifford, called "The Butcher," on account of his having callously slain the Earl of Rutland after the battle of Wakefield. Their son Henry was known as "The Shepherd Lord," on account of his having been sent for safety to the



NORMAN WINDOW
NUNBURNHOLME CHURCH

cottage of a shepherd by whom he was brought up, quite without education, until he reached the age of thirty-two, and was able to recover his property after Bosworth had placed Henry VII. on the throne.

Market Weighton is a small town at an important junction of roads and railways. The name is perhaps derived from its position near the Roman road to the Humber and Brough. It is possible that the lower part of the church tower may be Norman.

Here was born the famous Yorkshire giant William Bradley, whose height is given as seven feet nine inches, and his weight, when only nineteen years old, was twenty-seven stone. As he died as recently as 1820 there is no reason to doubt these remarkable figures.

About a mile out on the Driffeld road the Norman church of Goodmanham attracts attention. The place is mentioned by Bede as the scene of the destruction of a pagan temple by Coifi, the newly-converted high priest of Edwin, King of Northumbria. So impressive was the teaching of Paulinus, that, to show his zeal, Coifi found it necessary to take some drastic and immediate step towards the destruction of the old beliefs, and, demanding a stallion and weapons, he rode forthwith to "Godmunddingaham." Throwing his spear into the temple he proceeded to burn it down.

Kipling Cotes has had a race-course since 1618. The annual meeting takes place on the third



BEVERLEY MINSTER

The Nave, looking east

Photochrom Co. Ltd.

Thursday in March, and on the same day a game resembling polo is played.

Cherry Burton. About a mile to the west is Etton, an old village with an interesting Norman church, containing the curious feature of the Royal Arms sculptured in stone. In the modern church of South Dalton is an interesting tomb to Sir John Hotham. It is of Italian workmanship, and consists of four female figures each resting on one knee, and supporting at the four corners a slab of black marble, whereon is the effigy of a knight in armour—his head covered by a flowing wig!

Beverley. Here one has left the Wolds, and is on the Plain of Holderness; the site of the town is therefore perfectly flat, and the place can be said to be entirely without natural advantages. Yet Beverley is an attractive town, with one of the pleasantest squares in the county—the Saturday market, adorned with a quaint pillared cross of Georgian date. Above the red brick houses rises the sturdy Perpendicular tower of St. Mary's Church, and on one side a long range of steep-roofed houses of the eighteenth century. Beyond the church is a red brick gateway, the last of those the town used to possess.

The minster is in plan exceedingly perfect, with double aisles to the transept (a rare feature), and a transept to the choir of singular beauty. In its general external aspect the building reminds one of Westminster Abbey, for instead of a central tower there is only a low cap; the transepts and

choir are Early English, and the nave beginning in the Decorated, but much influenced by the previous style, terminates with two exceedingly graceful Perpendicular towers at the west end. The latter give an indication of how much Westminster has suffered through having towers completed as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century. The chapter-house, formerly standing at the north of the choir, has vanished, and the immediate surroundings of the minster are quite unattractive; there is no attempt to produce the quiet dignity of a close. After this has been said there is nothing but praise to bestow on this superlatively lovely achievement of the Gothic architect. One of the remarkable features of the interior is the tomb of Lady Eleanor Percy, a superb example of the richest sculpture of the Decorated period. Above the arch is a figure of the Deity holding in His hands a winding-sheet from which rises a figure representing the soul of Lady Eleanor. In the north aisle of the choir is the double staircase leading to the chapter-house, and close to the Percy Chapel is the ancient Frid Stool. Seated upon it, anyone claiming sanctuary could consider himself safe from further pursuit or danger.

In the latter part of the seventh century, it is said that St. John of Beverley founded a monastery here, and eventually died and was buried in it. In the ninth century, when the Danes were burning and destroying throughout Northumbria, the monastery disappeared, to be re-established by

Athelstan about 828. Beverley had the good fortune to escape harm when the Conqueror ravaged the country, and the Saxon minster



DETAIL OF THE CANOPY OVER THE TOMB OF
LADY ELEANOR PERCY IN BEVERLEY MINSTER

The Deity is shown with the soul of Lady Eleanor in a winding sheet

survived into the Norman period, when it appears to have been rebuilt. It is even thought possible that the Saxon towers at the west end may have continued to stand until replaced by those existing

to-day. The Norman nave was perhaps only remodelled in the later periods, for Norman arches are visible to-day in the triforium.

Besides the minster, Beverley possesses a truly noble parish church. St. Mary's is an extremely beautiful example of the work of the end of the fourteenth century, when Decorated Gothic was passing into Perpendicular. The richness and freedom of sculpture of the earlier period, when the craftsmen allowed their fancy to rove without constraint, is visible everywhere.

Strensall. The common adjoining the railway is permanently used as a military camp, and minor operations can frequently be seen from the train in passing. It is a small Aldershot for the Northern Command. The York Golf Club has its course at Strensall.

To Approach the Northern Edges of the Wolds

Flaxton. About three miles north of this station, on a slight eminence on the borders of the Forest of Galtres, is Sheriff Hutton, with its shattered remains of a castle originally founded in the twelfth century. In time it became a property of the Nevilles until the death of the "King-maker." Associated with the ruins is the tragic fate of Edward, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of the Duke of Clarence, who passed three years of his long confinement, after he had reached his eighth year, within these massive walls. With him was the Princess Elizabeth, who became the wife of Henry VII., and thus united the white and the

red roses. Both prisoners were removed to London about the same time, but the poor lad merely passed the next fourteen years of his life a prisoner in the Tower, and then, after the callous fashion of the time, was beheaded, a fate which was considered hard even in the fifteenth century.

Kirkham Abbey. On the banks of the swift-flowing Derwent, where it passes through a steep-sided valley draped in picturesque foliage, are the ruins of Kirkham Priory, founded by Walter Espec for Austin Canons in the early part of the twelfth century. Of the actual monastic buildings, and of the church itself, the remains are very slight—a Norman door, a Decorated lavatory, an Early English window, are the chief features of the great monastic house which has passed away. There remains, however, the singularly perfect and richly adorned gate-house, whereon are ten shields bearing the arms of various great families of the north.

Castle Howard. The imposing seat of the Earls of Carlisle is about three miles north of the station. It was designed by Vanbrugh, and is in the Corinthian Renaissance style. Horace Walpole, writing in 1772, referred to the castle as one of the finest places in Yorkshire, and added that it was possible to see here “at one view . . . a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples in high places, woods, each worthy of being a metropolis of the Druids . . . the noblest lawn in the world, fenced by half the horizon. . . .” Permission is given under certain conditions to see the interior of the house, where works by Vandyck, Rubens, Lely,

Reynolds, Tintoretto, and many other great masters are to be seen.

Malton. This old-fashioned town has an attractive position at the head of the gorge of the Derwent, somewhat spoiled by a straggling new quarter. Of the castle nothing can now be seen, and the two churches of Old and New Malton have been much rebuilt. The church of



THE NORMAN FONT IN NORTH GRIMSTON CHURCH

The subject of the sculpture is the Last Supper

Old Malton is all that remains of the Gilbertian Priory, founded in the twelfth century, soon after the establishment of the Order of St. Gilbert of Sempringham.

From here roads lead to Scarborough and to Driffield, with a railway following each of them. The first traverses the southern margin of the Vale of Pickering, and is a convenient means of reaching the villages of Rillington, Knapton, West Heslerton and Sherburn, from whence

roads climb to the heights of the Wolds, studded with camps, burial tumuli, and long lines of prehistoric entrenchments. For the archæologist this is a country of the deepest interest, for the plough frequently exposes to view stone and bronze weapons of all descriptions. Many of the village churches possess fonts of great interest, and among them should be mentioned those at Sherburn; at North Grimston, where rude sculptures indicate the Last Supper and the Descent from the Cross; at Cowlham, where two figures are shown wrestling, possibly representing Jacob struggling with the man at Peniel; and at Cottam, where the Late Norman font is adorned with six subjects, one of them showing a dragon with a long curling tail about to swallow St. Margaret.

Sledmere. Two or three miles north of the station is the pretty village of that name, with its fine park, the home of the Sykes family. It was Sir Tatton Sykes who rebuilt the church standing in the park—a wonderfully good example of modern Gothic.

Great Driffield. Like Beverley, Driffield stands on the edge of the Plain of Holderness, and is also largely built of red brick. The Perpendicular tower of the church is a very noble one, and ranks among the finest in the Wold district. The town is in the midst of a district where the prehistoric population must have been exceedingly dense, and the yield of the burial mounds and other Bronze Age sites has been among the richest in England.

CHAPTER V

FROM YORK THROUGH THE FOREST OF GALTRES TO THE VALE OF PICKERING

WHEN journeying north from York, I wonder how many realise that the level landscapes of pasture and arable land were right through the Middle Ages, and certainly as late as the sixteenth century, included in the ancient Forest of Galtres. There appears little doubt that at one time the forest land reached almost to the walls of York, and the area covered probably extended from the Ouse on the west towards, but not as far as, the Derwent on the east. The Howardian Hills probably formed the northern limit, and with little doubt it continued an uncultivated waste for such a long period on account of its undrained condition. The villages of Marton-in-the-Forest and Sutton-in-the-Forest, about ten miles north of York, proclaim very definitely the extent of the forest in that direction, while Stockton-in-the-Forest, about four miles north-west, gives another indication. No doubt in winter the whole area was waterlogged and miry, and for freebooters a fairly safe place of retreat. It is notable that Leland, who wrote during the reign of Henry VIII., says: "There is a Place in York caullid

David Haul, assignid as a Place of Punishment for Offenders in Galtres." Writers in the fifteenth century give one the impression that the forest was sparsely grown with trees and was exceedingly wet and soft under foot. Whether travellers were inclined to miss their way when journeying towards York or not, I do not know. If they did so frequently, it would appear that the roads passing through it must have been few and in a desperately ill-kept state, for there is the tradition mentioned by Drake, the historian of York, of a light being kept burning in the tower of the church of All Saints, Pavement, to serve as a beacon to those coming towards the city from the boggy waste which lay so near the very walls.

Benningbrough station is a short two miles from the village of Skelton, notable for its church—a little gem of the Early English period—which stands to-day almost untouched since it was built in the first half of the thirteenth century. The very fine south door is most probably slightly later than the rest of the building, but otherwise one looks upon a village church, complete with its font, as it was erected nearly seven centuries from our own times. In a county so full of early churches it is obviously impossible to describe more than a small percentage when writing a book of very modest dimensions, but to omit to mention those of Skelton, Birkin (near Knottingley), and Adel, near Leeds—the last two almost untouched Norman—would be to ignore three of the most complete and perfect in the county.

Tollerton is about five miles from Sutton-in-the-Forest, already mentioned. Here came Laurence Sterne as vicar of the parish in 1738, and his residence at the vicarage continued until the summer of 1760, when he removed to Coxwold, a few miles to the north.

The first twenty-six chapters of *Tristram Shandy* were completed here on March 26, 1759, and in them are portrayed the characters of York and the locality well known to the laughter-loving author, who describes himself as Parson Yorick, and Dr. John Burton, the chief accoucheur of York, as Dr. Slop. Structurally, the church is not interesting.

If one wishes to visit Sterne's other village church it is only necessary to walk two miles (as he did to preach every Sunday) through the fields to Stillington, where a Perpendicular building possessing an early font can be seen. Those independent of the railway who are enthusiastic enough to follow Sterne's movements further can go northward by a rambling country lane to Coxwold, a distance of about eight miles (see p. 86). Should the wanderer prefer, however, to leave this until another day, he can find a place of much interest if he traverses about two and a half miles to Crayke. Until 1844 this was a detached fragment of the county of Durham, and to find the origin of such a geographical curiosity it is necessary to go far back in the annals of England. It appears that Crayke and a radius of three miles round it were, about 685, given to St. Cuthbert

in order that he might have a place where he could rest when journeying between Durham and York. There was a monastery here in Saxon times of which little is known and its buildings have vanished. Some time in the twelfth century the Bishops of Durham put up a castle at Crayke, and of this there may be seen slight traces, but the chief building standing to-day is the "Great Chamber" (*circa* fifteenth century), a modernised tower now occupied as a private residence.

With its attractive, if rather late, Perpendicular church as an additional interest, coupled with a notable panorama of the Forest of Galtres and the opalescent mass of York Minster jewel-like on the horizon, Crayke leaves a very pleasant memory.

Easingwold is only two longish miles from Crayke. The little town has some importance through its position on the Great North Road, and it has its own little railway branching off from the main line to the north for its convenience and for that of no other place! In the market-place there are fragments of a mediæval cross, and also evidence of the favourite eighteenth-century sport of bull-baiting, the ring being still preserved. The church is of minor interest although it is an ornament to the town, but I learn from Mr. J. E. Morris in his *multum in parvo* work, *The North Riding of Yorkshire*, that there is still kept locked up in a case in the tower the old parish coffin. This was used when burial without any coffin was not an uncommon practice, but

decency required that the body should be enclosed during the funeral ceremony. The Arabs in North Africa bury without coffins at the present time, merely using a wooden bed-like frame upon which the corpse is laid and covered with a brilliantly-coloured cloth. I have frequently seen such funerals passing through the streets of Algerian towns, the outline of the body being visible through the covering.

Alne, from which Easingwold's little line branches, is pronounced "Orn," and is notable for a church possessing two interesting features—*i.e.* a very fine circular font of Early Norman date and a south door into the nave which is one of the most remarkable Norman doorways in the north of England. This entrance is adorned with two highly enriched orders of medallions representing mediæval bestiaries, seven of which bear their Latin inscriptions, giving a clue to the meaning in each case. Some of the medallions are restorations, others have worn away.

In various parts of England there are to be found relics of the very quaint custom, at one time common, of carrying a garland in front of the bier at the funeral of a maiden. One of these garlands—of paper—is preserved in this church in a niche on the north side of the chancel. It is interesting to find that the spelling of *Alne* has come down from the eleventh century unchanged, whereas the Domesday Book's rendering of Easingwold is almost unrecognisable in *Eisicewalt*.

Raskelf is near the village of that name, which

is worth seeing on the way through the Howardian Hills it is proposed to cross a little later. The interest in the place is confined to the church tower, a construction of wood dating back perhaps four centuries, and still able to carry three old bells, one of them belonging to the reign of Elizabeth. The font is Norman.

The Great North Road and the railway run parallel from Raskelf to Thirsk, passing through Thormanby and leaving Sessay and Thirkleby on right and left.

Thirsk. Like many a Yorkshire market town, Thirsk has its great central open space surrounded by rather plain houses of red brick or stone, roofed with red tiles. It is impossible to call the place picturesque, for its splendid Perpendicular church is placed at the end of Kirkgate, and it is thus, unfortunately, successful in keeping out of sight until one is near it or a long way off. The town is astride the great highway and benefits by the growing motor traffic which enlivens its cobbled square early and late. In Norman times the great chieftain of this part of Yorkshire was Roger de Mowbray, and here he built himself a castle; but having been in armed conflict with Henry II. for a few months, his fortress was razed to the ground so thoroughly that nothing at all can be seen of it to-day.

From Thirsk eastwards the road to Helmsley, Pickering and Scarborough passes through interesting and very beautiful country all the way. I do not think that I am exaggerating when I state

that this is one of the most attractive highways in the great county. Without hesitation it goes straight for the ridge of the Hambleton Hills, and with a deep zig-zag ascends them at Sutton Bank, nearly 1000 feet above sea-level. By the direct route one passes through Scawton, one of three old villages (the other two are Cold Kirby and Old Byland), each possessing different claims to one's attention.

In most village churches it is necessary to decide on the date of erection from the architectural detail, but at Scawton a twelfth-century record of Byland Abbey gives the year of erection as 1146, and with this solid fact to work on one may gather much valuable information. The little building is full of interesting detail, and its situation in a wooded hollow under the exposed rim of the hills is very attractive. The other two villages are to the north of the main road, and to reach them a byway must be taken from the Hambleton Hotel. No doubt its exposed position gave Cold Kirby its name, and should the weather be chilly there is no need to linger there, for it were better to have a little time at Old Byland, where the situation is charming and its association with the founding of Byland Abbey is of great interest (see p. 90). The church is mainly Norman and also its font, but earlier still (ninth century) is the sundial on the eastern face of the tower. It reads "SUMARLETHAN HUSCARL ME FECIT," and may be read "The housecarl of Sumarlethi made me." Further east, at Kirkdale and at Edston,

are two more of these very interesting Saxon clocks, and if the three are seen successively during the same ramble, in conjunction with the numerous richly-sculptured crosses to be found in the walls of the village churches, the Saxon Age seems to re-clothe itself with its vitality and enterprise.

Going eastward, the road makes a curving descent into Ryedale, whose steep and heavily-wooded sides enclose a level of smooth emerald pasture from which rise the solemn ruins of Rievaulx Abbey. In its setting the roofless fragment of the great monastic church ranks with Tintern and Fountains, while it also possesses a unique view-point from the level grassy terrace in Duncombe Park (made in 1758) which curves gently in a great sweep, with a white temple at each extremity to add dignity to the scene. From the edge of the smooth green platform the grass falls steeply into the woods below, and beyond their rounded masses and strong shadows rise the noble arches of the ruin.

What one sees is only the glorious choir of the church with the transepts robbed of everything but the incomplete adjoining walls and two piers of the crossing. The rest has been until lately nothing but uneven grass-grown masses. All this, however, has been changed by the work recently undertaken by the Office of Works. The lower portions of walls, pavements of encaustic tiles, and many interesting details have been brought to light.

It [is generally a thankless task to kill a

picturesque legend as to any historical building, and here one is reluctant to rob the place of the old story of the founding of the monastery by Walter Espec, the Norman Lord of Helmsley, and yet it must be done. The story tells of the loss of Espec's only son through a fall from his horse, and how the childless father determined to perpetuate the youth's memory by the founding of three monasteries. If this had been the case it is hardly possible that contemporary documents could make no reference to a subject of so much interest and importance, and yet this omission not only occurs in the charter of foundation, but also in Alred the third abbot's account of the Battle of the Standard, in which Espec is described as being "tall and large, with black hair, a great beard, and a voice like a trumpet."

The first Cistercian abbey established in England was Waverley in Surrey, and the first in Yorkshire was Rievaulx, while from it was sent, by the Alred just mentioned, the group which established at Melrose the first Cistercian house in Scotland. The great bearded Lord of Helmsley was advised by Archbishop Thurstan, who had received the monks sent by St. Bernard from Clairvaux, to give the colony land at Rievaulx (pronounced Rivers, but derived from the Norman-French for Rye Vales), and there in 1131, in a place described as a vast and horrible solitude, but to the modern eye one of the fairest woodland settings imaginable, the religious men set to work to produce a fresh nucleus for their



RIEVAULX ABBEY

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In a beautiful situation in Ryedale the ruins of the famous Cistercian monastery stand at the foot of the terrace of Duncombe Park

austere manner of cloistered life. After founding the abbeys of Kirkham in Yorkshire (p. 71) and Warden in Bedfordshire, Espec sought peace within the abbey of Rievaulx, by becoming a monk there, and in the monastery he died and was buried, much as the great Earl Gospatric (the founder of the family of Home) sought peace at Durham after a life of action on the Eastern Border. Rievaulx Abbey became wealthy, and the choir of its great church reveals greater richness of detail than one would expect. No doubt the nave, which has disappeared, was simple Norman work of the days of Espec.

By the time of the Dissolution there was scarcely an abbey of importance in Yorkshire without some very holy relic. At Kirkham they had a girdle reputed to have belonged to the Virgin Mary, and here was preserved that of "St. Alred": both were considered "helpful to lying-in women." But Fountains, Jervaulx, and Selby all three had girdles of the Virgin Mary, while Clementhorpe claimed to have some of her milk. There was no particular reason, I suppose, to limit the number of belts which had been possessed by the Virgin, for after all she might have had a dozen or more in her lifetime. The possession of a particular bone of a saint was always a more difficult matter.

From Rievaulx a good road traverses the whole length of Bilsdale, and no one who cares for the scenery of the untamed corners of England will fail to undertake the exploration of this long and picturesque dale, where the variety of woodland,

hard-won cultivation, and rugged moor ends on the exposed purple-brown heights of the Cleveland Hills. At Chop Gate, three miles from the highest point, there is an inn from which a number of quite interesting expeditions on foot may be taken, including a ramble along the whole watershed of the North Yorkshire moors over Bransdale, Yesterdale, Glaisdale and Egton moors, dropping down for the night at either Glaisdale or Goathland. While in this part of the country no one should fail to read Canon Atkinson's well-known book, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish* ; it opens one's eyes to many a feature of the simple life of these unsophisticated dales which might otherwise be missed.

Helmsley, the pleasant little town about three miles from Rievaulx Abbey, is in many ways the ideal centre from which to make the exploration of the western extremity of the Vale of Pickering, the Hambleton and Howardian Hills, and the dales to the north and west. The chief interest of the place centres in the ruins of the castle, and although they are but fragments of its complete state when dismantled by Parliamentary order in 1644, they are not without picturesque features, for the perfect side of the keep (twelfth to thirteenth century) is quite imposing and the range of sixteenth-century domestic buildings on the south side is fairly complete.

The earthworks surrounding the ruins are apparently of a date anterior to the earliest building whose remains survive to-day. Much careful

excavation would be required to make any statement as to their age, and until such work has been carried out it is safer to avoid any guessing; but the position is strategically of importance, and it is fairly safe to presume that it was occupied long before the Conquest. Domesday gives the name as Elmeslac, and by that name presumably it was known to the Earl of Moreton, who received it from William I. Early in the next century the feudal lord bore the name of Espec, but this name disappeared when Walter Espec's sister Adeline married Peter de Roos. It was their great-grandson Robert who was of sufficient importance to be among the twenty-five barons selected for the safeguarding of the provisions of Magna Charta. He was known as "Fursan," and the castle he built at Helmsley was called "Castle Fursan." The family of Roos continued to flourish until 1508. A sister of the last De Roos took the estate to the Manners family, having married Sir Robert Manners of Etal, whose descendant it was who became Earl of Rutland in 1525, and the only daughter of the sixth earl married the first Duke of Buckingham and was widowed by Felton's dagger. During the Civil War Helmsley came to Fairfax, who had besieged it in 1644 after the battle of Marston Moor, and was wounded in the shoulder by a ball from a musket before the garrison surrendered and marched out with honourable terms. While the Commonwealth endured George Villiers, the second duke, had been abroad, but on his return after the Restora-

tion his estate of Helmsley was given back to him. After the death of the second duke at Kirby Moorside in 1687 (*q.v.*), Helmsley was purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Secretary to the Treasury in the reign of James II., for the sum of £90,000, and it was his nephew who was responsible for the building of Duncombe House. Pope wrote satirical lines on the lapse of the famous property from ducal hands to those of "a scrivener"—there were new-rich as far back as and further than the seventeenth century.

Helmsley church is a new construction of 1869, but it retains its south doorway and the chancel arch—both Norman—of the old building. There is also an interesting brass which is associated with the Roos or Manners family. The arms are those of Manners.

If instead of going by road to Helmsley one keeps to the railway, the first station from the junction at Pilmoor, where it is advisable to break the journey, is

Coxwold. The village is really picturesque; its church is prettily placed, its inn looks bright and inviting, and there is an old almshouse, while a hoary elm in the midst of the broad thoroughfare adds the last touch required to give the place a kindly character. It was to Coxwold that Sterne came from Sutton-in-the-Forest as vicar, and his charming old house still stands much as it was in his time. Here from 1760 until his death he lived a cheerful bachelor life completing *Tristram Shandy* (*shandy* = crazy) and

producing *The Sentimental Journey*. Sterne was not an ascetic, and his satisfaction in the good things the neighbourhood provided for his table suggests a good digestion. "I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks," he writes, and completes the menu



"SHANDY HALL," COXWOLD

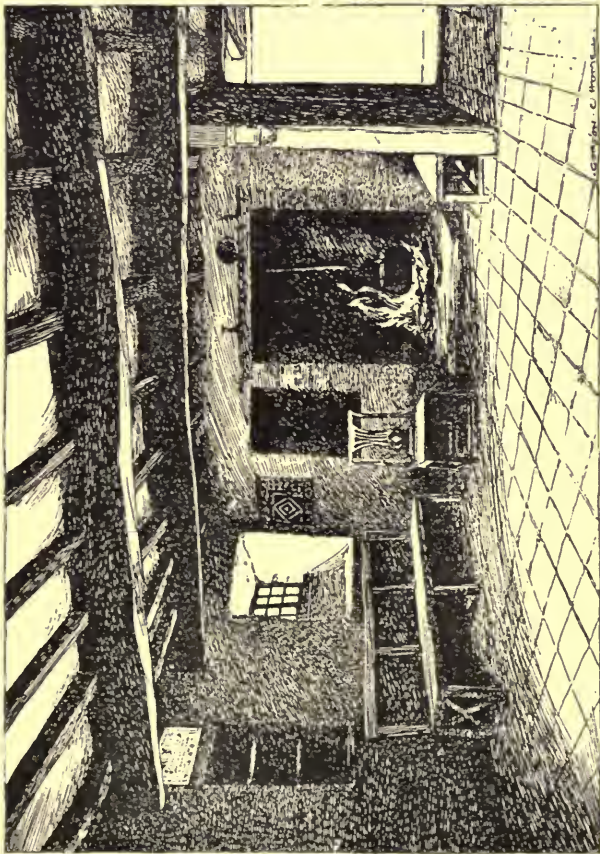
Where the Rev. Laurence Sterne lived and where he wrote part of *Tristram Shandy*

"with curds, strawberries and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley . . . can produce." The house, which is no longer a vicarage, was repaired by the late Sir George Wombwell of Newburgh.

The Perpendicular church has a chancel rebuilt late in the eighteenth century, but in it is to be found an interesting collection of tombs of the family of Belasyse. Charles I. gave the family

the title of Lord Fauconberg, and the family has lived at Newburgh Priory (adjoining the village) ever since the suppression of the monastery by Henry VIII. The name of the monastery is familiar to all students of English history on account of the chronicle of William of Newburgh, a painstaking canon of the priory who compiled his valuable contribution to history during the twelfth century. The tomb of Thomas Earl Fauconberg is of exceptional interest on account of his marriage with Mary, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell. It was she who is credited with having obtained the headless body of her father after that disgusting enterprise of the Restoration which consisted in the disinterment of the Protector's remains, the placing of the head on a pole at Westminster, and the hanging of the corpse at Tyburn gallows. In the present house in Newburgh Park there is a curious tomb or vault on the first floor over the entrance porch which, according to an old inscription it bears and the tradition in the family, is the final resting-place of Cromwell's decapitated remains. There is no other explanation for this strangely placed tomb, and no contradictory statement appears to have been made.

The late Sir George Wombwell, Bart., of Newburgh, took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, was captured, but effected his escape by running forward and seizing a passing trooper of the 11th Hussars who was galloping by.



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE OLDEST TYPES OF YORKSHIRE COTTAGE
The small window lighting the ingle-nook was an almost invariable feature

From Coxwold village a pleasant walk of one and a half miles brings one to the curiously picturesque fragment of Byland Abbey, backed by the steep woodlands clothing this extremity of the Hambletons. The site upon which the ruins stand was given to the nation in 1921, and no doubt the excavation, which is long overdue, will in course of time be carried out. Since the Dissolution the work of destruction at Byland has been terribly thorough, but the west end of the great Cistercian abbey church still presents a fairly complete appearance, and the eye can easily complete the circle of the great window in the gable. Otherwise the ruins require much patient study if the visitor is to find them interesting, and to the casual and uninformed I can imagine that the fragmentary walls would soon seem unsatisfying. The style of the building was probably Transitional Norman throughout, and was no doubt a very important and quite magnificent example of the dawn of the Gothic style in England.

If the ruins of this Cistercian house are fragmentary, the account of its early vicissitudes is, on the contrary, singularly complete. The third abbot, whose name was Philip, wrote down the whole eventful story, beginning with the departure from Furness Abbey, in 1134, of Abbot Gerald and a dozen monks. They settled at Calder, a spot in Cumberland too close to the border to be pleasant, and alarmed by the danger from raiding Scots, the colony decided to return to Furness.

On arrival, however, the thirteen were refused admittance, and being in a sad plight they decided to trek across England to obtain the assistance of Thurstan, Archbishop of York. The picture is drawn of the monks and their leader journeying with all their possessions in a wagon drawn by a team of eight oxen. Having nearly completed the long and, in those days, very arduous and perilous journey, they (according to one version) chanced to encounter, when near Thirsk, the steward of Roger de Mowbray's mother, whose name was Gundreda. She was so pleased with the conversation of the monks that she lodged them for some time until she was able to arrange for their acquiring a site at Hode, near Gormire, under the shadow of the Hambleton Hills. While there Abbot Gerald decided to free his foundation from the control of Furness, and for this purpose he betook himself to Savigny, where the headquarters of his order gave him the liberty he desired. But evidently the strain of travel had been too much for him, for he died at York on his way back. His successor became restless after four years at Hode, and obtained from Gundreda and Roger de Mowbray another grant of land, this time at Old Byland. Still the community was unsatisfied. In coming to this spot they were quite close to Rievaulx, and were worried by hearing the bells of the adjoining monastery in the valley below, so that about five years later a fresh migration took place. Finally they came to Byland and built themselves the great church, of which the chief

fragment remaining is the ruined west end, with its pathetic finger-like turret pointing to the sky.

The beautiful valley where Byland stands echoed to the sounds of battle on an autumn day in 1322, when Edward II.'s army, in full retreat from Scotland, with the Scots harassing the wearied Englishmen as they marched southwards, was obliged to come to a stand. The site of the struggle may be on the high ground where the name Scots' Corner survives, but if there is uncertainty about the position of the conflict there is none as to the result, for the English army was completely defeated. Alan Earl of Richmond was taken prisoner. Edward was, according to one account, actually dining with the abbot when the news of the disaster reached him, and he had only time to fling himself into the saddle and spur his horse southwards when the Scots came swarming down on the abbey. They found that the royal baggage had been left behind in the haste of departure, and with it were taken the king's jewels and treasure. Although the monastery was plundered, its structure was not seriously damaged.

Ampleforth. The village is strung out along the road from Wass, and is on the slope of the southernmost spur of the Hambletons. It would not call for attention were it not for a monument in the church of quite exceptional interest. It is an effigy of someone of consequence of the time of Edward II. (1307-27) who may very possibly have fallen during the fight with the Scots which took place in the immediate neighbourhood in



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FOUNTAINS ABBEY

The Chapel of the Nine Altars

1322. He is shown wearing chain mail covered with a sleeved surcoat, and his sword is suspended from a belt over his right shoulder. But the remarkable feature has yet to be told: his uncovered head is shown resting on the breast of a female figure of full size. Who was this lady, and what office did she perform for this mediæval knight? The imagination can build up a romantic story to fit this unique presentation of a fallen warrior, for beyond the discovery of an incomplete inscription bearing the words "Wilhelmus de . . ." there is nothing to give any clue as to identity.

The early earthworks on the hillside above the village are British or of remote prehistoric origin. Studfold Ring, marked "British Camp" on the Ordnance maps, is only about a mile to the north, and is a site worth visiting if one is interested in the remains of early man in this island. In Ampleforth College (one mile east) there is a small museum containing, among other antiquities, some of the objects found in the burial mounds of the vicinity. The college is a Roman Catholic institution carried on in association with a twentieth-century Benedictine monastery.

Gilling station is close to the village of Gilling East, which has an interesting church containing memorials to the Fairfaxes of Gilling, who held the castle from Tudor times until 1895. A monument to an unknown individual of the fourteenth century is a curiosity in tombstones, for it is a compromise between a flat slab and a sculptured effigy,¹ the

¹ There are two slabs of this type at Stow in Lincs.

head, hands and feet alone appearing through an incised floriated cross of an otherwise ordinary type.

Although the exterior of Gilling Castle is somewhat plain and gaunt, its "Great Chamber" is one of the most beautiful Elizabethan rooms to be found in the county. It has a unique feature in its painted frieze, which runs round the whole of the walls above the panelling. At regular intervals are placed formal trees, one for each wapentake of Yorkshire, and from the branches are suspended no less than 450 shields representing the armorial bearings of the families residing in the several divisions of the great county. This monumental piece of work is stated (I know not on what authority) to have been carried out by the four sisters of Sir William Fairfax. His arms are emblazoned in the centre of the noble fireplace, while in panels below are those acquired by the marriages of the four sisters to Roos of Ingmanthorpe, Vavasour of Hazlewood, Curwen of Wokington, and Belasyse of Newburgh. The *Victoria History of Yorkshire*, while giving these particulars, makes no reference to the story of the painting of the frieze by the sisters, and yet at so late a date there ought to be little doubt on the subject.

That part of the castle in which the "Great Chamber" is situated has its lower portion, with walls eight feet in thickness, very little altered since it was built in the fourteenth century by one of the Eltons, who, from an early but uncertain date in the Norman period, held the lands of Gil-

ling. The bay-window with its beautiful heraldic glass by Bernard Dininckhoff, a York glazier (1585), was added in Elizabethan times.

Far away in the glacial epochs Gilling was situated at the western extremity of a great lake which occupied the present Vale of Pickering. The water was held up by the glaciers which blocked the valleys and the great sheet of ice along the coast-line. In summer when the ice and snow were melting, the water overflowed from the lake through the gap in the hills at Gilling or down the present course of the River Derwent. Possibly there was a period when the first overflow operated before it changed to the present course. The whole of the scenery east of Gilling becomes more interesting if the great fact of the Ice Ages is remembered, and how the natural drainage towards the sea was upset by the formation of a glacial boulder-clay ridge near the coast, with the result that the Derwent was turned back towards the Vale of York—the course it follows to-day.

Kirby Moorside. I can imagine the uninformed wayfarer walking up the rough old street of Kirby Moorside, noting perhaps its width, the sturdy grey houses with their bright red roofs on either hand, the stone tolbooth and one or two inns, and how, as he climbs, an extensive view over the Vale of Pickering discloses itself, but I do not think that he would bubble over with enthusiasm about it to his friends on his return. And this is just how Yorkshire will cheat one of its good things

unless trouble is taken to dig into the rich soil of its history.

Who would guess that the gabled seventeenth-century house on the west side of the street was the scene of the death of the notorious second



THE HOUSE AT KIRBY MOORSIDE

Where the second Duke of Buckingham died

Duke of Buckingham, one of the brightest stars of the profligate court of Charles II.? Ill-health was no doubt one of the main causes of the duke's retirement to Helmsley Castle. In 1686 he is described as "worn to a thread" through his life of unbridled vice, but that he still enjoyed the

strenuous amusement of hunting is known, for it was after a hard day with the hounds that he either caught a chill or was by some other means taken suddenly ill. Instead of taking him to his own place at Helmsley, they brought him to this house of one of his tenants in Kirby Moorside, where on April 16, 1687, he died. With his end approaching, the stricken man began to think of religious matters, and in a letter he wrote to Dr. Barrow he stated that however he might have acted in opposition to the principles of religion or the dictates of reason, he had always had the highest veneration for both.

After his death the body was embalmed, and the intestines were buried at Kirby Moorside on April 19, 1687. If one is curious to see the evidence of this fact, one can read the following illiterate entry in the third volume of the parish registers:

“Gorges viluas Lord dooke of bookingam,” etc.

During the months when Buckingham was often seen in the neighbourhood hunting or otherwise passing his time, a crop of curious tales grew up concerning him, and by repetition one of them became quite fabulous. There were those who swore to having seen the duke and Isaac Haw, who lived at Slapstean, hunting a spirit fox with a spirit pack on a moonlight night, and how there was a song of that day concerning the two which was so “despert blasfemous” that he who dared to repeat it risked the chance of his own soul’s

salvation! However, it was known a century ago that if one wished to see a copy of it (and ignore the aforesaid peril) this could be done by asking "one Tom Cale a cobbler living in Eastgate, Pickering."

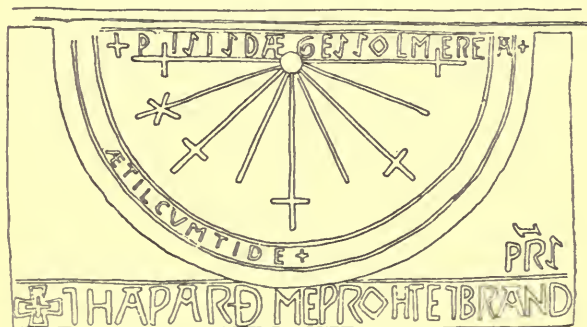
Of the two castles Kirby Moorside boasted in mediæval times so little remains that only a very keen student of the fortresses of the period will trouble to explore the sites. Instead, therefore, of this minor interest it is more profitable to turn one's steps westward and in a short two miles find oneself at the quaint little church of Kirkdale, charmingly situated at the foot of the leafy Hodge Beck. Like the Mole in Surrey and other less-known streams, the beck at this point finds its way in crevices in the limestone, and this part of its course is dry, except when the waters collected in the recesses of remote Bransdale come down in force.

Kirkdale Church is unique in possessing the longest inscription of the Anglo-Saxon period which has yet been discovered, and the building itself is one of the Northumbrian type of Saxon churches, of very great interest to those who find the early development of English architecture an attractive study. The thrill for such enthusiasts is to be found in the facts disclosed by the words to be read on the sundial over the south doorway. In modern English the rendering is:

Orm, the son of Gamal, bought St. Gregory's minster when it was all broken and fallen, and caused it to be made anew from the ground for Christ and St. Gregory

in the days of King Edward, and in the days of Earl Tosti, and Hawarth wrought me and Brand the Prior [or presbyters].

Fortunately history throws a good deal of light on those who are mentioned in the inscription. Domesday gives this Gamal as the lord of Kirby Moorside before the Conquest, and it is known that his murder by Tosti, brother of Harold II.,



SAXON SUNDIAL AT KIRKDALE.

(From a rubbing by Mr J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A.)

was one of the numerous crimes for which Tosti was outlawed in 1065. As he did not enjoy the earldom until 1055, the date of the church within that decade is clearly established and the tiny building becomes a thousand times more interesting than it might have been had not the sundial been discovered. At Edstone (about three miles by road south from Kirby Moorside) there is another sundial of very probably the same date, but something disturbed the sculptor at his work,

for he breaks off with an incomplete word after stating that "Lothan me wrohte." The fact that the inscription was never finished seems to indicate a time of disturbance and confusion, and if Lothan were working in 1066 the probable cause can be imagined. Possibly he dropped hammer and chisel in order to use sword and bow, and fell in battle, either at Fulford, where Edwin and Morcar were defeated, or at Stamford Bridge, the scene of Harold's victory over his brother, where both Tosti and Haralld Hardrada, King of Norway, were killed. This is the purest conjecture, but it is perhaps legitimate and a possible explanation.

Only the three walls of the nave of Kirkdale Church belong to the shadowy days before the Conquest; the chancel (1881), porch and tower are modern, but the treble bell quite possibly dates back to 1300, and the other, cast at York, is only a century or more later. The discovery in the last century of the now famous Kirkdale Cave threw a good deal of new light upon this part of Yorkshire in the inter-glacial periods. In the recesses of the cave were found the bones and teeth of many extinct animals possibly brought there by the hyænas which appear to have occupied it.

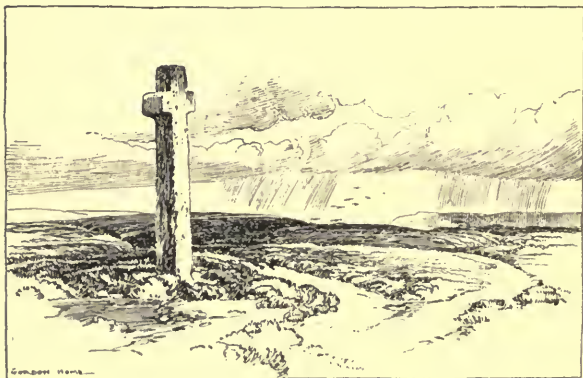
To those who enjoy long rambles afoot, Kirby Moorside and Helmsley are good centres from which to sally forth well shod and provided with map and sandwiches. The choice of routes northwards into the recesses of the moorland solitudes is so

ample that anyone with the average bump of locality can work out a dozen different tramps, each of which will include all that appeals to eye and imagination in beck, dale and moor. For the average town-dweller the heathery horizons call with such irresistible force that the expeditions will probably be exclusively northward towards the moors, swept by honey-scented winds, where Nature expands the mind as well as the lungs, where jaded folk imprisoned too long in the narrow ways of a metropolis feel the minor cares of life slipping away and the elasticity of youth returning.

Go where you will in England it is hard to find such great expanses of exquisite purple and wonderful russet browns as those displayed on the high ground between Fylingdales Moor and the Cleveland Hills, and as I write, under a gloomy January sky in the heart of grey London, I seem to hear the music of the gills trickling from the sweet-scented heather and the whirr of grouse rising with precipitation almost from my feet; beyond the words my pen is forming I can see black-faced sheep looking so much like the grey boulders among which they are grazing that I find it hard to distinguish the further ones until they move. . . . I revel in the sweep of sunlight as it advances towards me and begins to outline the woolly backs with a halo and turns the patches of grass into a green of that brilliance which Nature loves to reveal for the briefest moments only, lest our eyes should become too familiar. . . .

Whether one decides on Bransdale or Farndale

or Rosedale for an early ramble, or whether it may be that one of the smaller valleys receives attention first, it is well to remember that almost within living memory the dwellers in these byways and deep hollows beneath the moorland heights were steeped in superstitions of an exceedingly primitive character. No doubt the origins of many of these



STAPE CROSS

On the heathery moor above Newton Dale

fantastic ideas date back to very remote times. They may have been brought to Yorkshire from Norway, Denmark, or the mouths of the German rivers, or are perchance of indigenous growth. In quite early times legends of dragons and horrid monsters called "worms" were not uncommon, but these died out, and in the eighteenth century and even later their places were taken by hobs, nearly every dale possessing at least one. These

curious beliefs in the existence of hob-men were so well established that a list of them was made in 1823 by one George Calvert. There was Farndale Hob of High Farndale, Hodge Hob of Bransdale, the Hob of Chop Gate, Cross Hob of Lastingham, and many others. The stories of Elphi, the hob associated with Low Farndale, are numerous and diverting, but I understand that the last of those who knew them by tradition has long been dead. Elphi was one of the hobs who used white magic, and so familiar at one time was his figure to the inhabitants of the dale that someone in 1699 wrote quaint verses about him in which appear the lines:

Elphi little chap,
Thoff he war so small
War big wi deeds o' kindness
Drink tiv him yan an all.

If a girl or a youth were in trouble or love affairs were in need of supernatural aid, a visit would be paid to Hester Mudd, the witch of Rosedale. This woman was known to use the evil eye and also could appear as a cat. It was well to be home from Cropton before darkness overtook one, for "at times wide asunder" a man might be seen "rushing fra those happening to cross his road with flaming mouth and having empty eye-sockets, a truly terrible apparition to come across of a sudden." Altogether it was wiser to take one's evening walks towards Brown Howe where, standing by a boulder, there was to be seen "of a summer's eve a maiden there seated a-combing out

her jet black tresses so as to hide her bare breast and shoulders, she looking to be much shamed to there do her toilet." Then there is the story of "Sarkless Kitty," but "as the very mention of her name be now a thing forbid," I will leave the curious to look up the strange story of this exceedingly lovely girl and journey on to

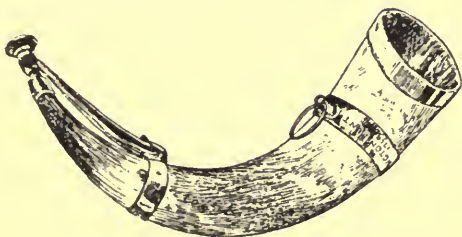
Sinnington. By the pleasant green flows the little river Seven which has found its way from the solitudes of Rosedale, having there drunk deeply of the gills 1400 feet above sea-level. Near its bank stands a tall maypole, marking the spot which has been the centre of village gaiety for centuries past. Early in the eighteenth century there was an attempt by the "broad brims" (as they were dubbed) to stop the May-day dancing on the green, but some of the "Sinnington Bucks" joined hands in a long chain and succeeded in sweeping away this puritanical interference with bucolic gaiety.

In addition to the joys of maypole dancing, Sinnington has for long been associated with a very old-established pack of hounds, the Bilsdale alone claiming to be older. It is generally accepted that the Sinnington country has been hunted ever since the time of the second Duke of Buckingham, who may have established the first pack of hounds in this part of the county. After the duke's death the Duncombes maintained the pack.

The road to Lasingham goes westward for over a mile, and before it turns in the required direction

climbing about four hundred feet to Spaunton, then plunging through a wood into the head of the little dale where Lastingham nestles.

One is here right on the edge of civilisation, for above and beyond stretch the wild moorland heights with only one tiny village for many a mile. It was the remoteness of the place which decided Bishop Cedd to found a monastery here in the semi-obscurity of the middle of the seventh century. The idea of building a monastery



THE OLD HORN OF THE SINNINGTON HUNT

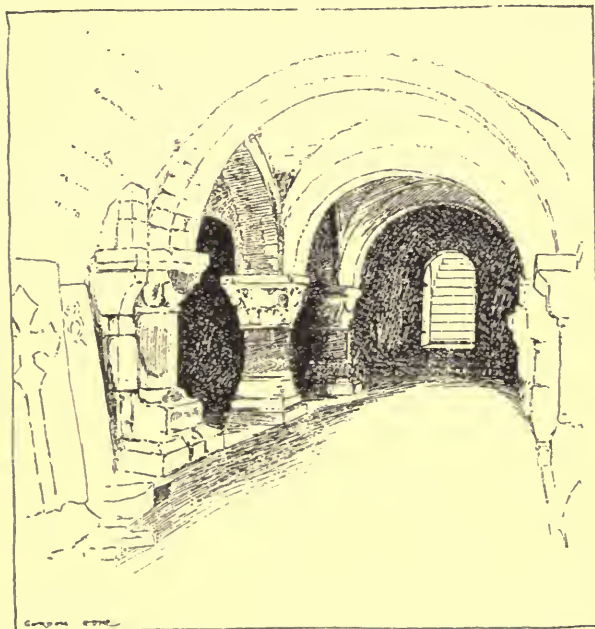
originated with Ethelwald, the son of Oswald, King of Deira, who made known his wish to the bishop, his idea being to worship there, and finally to be buried in the place. Cedd looked for some out-of-the-way spot cradled among mountains, difficult of access and remote, and selected Lastingham. It was still remote when our grandfathers flourished.

About the name of the place there is no doubt at all, for the fairly reliable record of Bede states that Cedd actually established his monastery at "Laestingaeu," and it is known that he came

here in 664 and died of the plague which was prevailing at the time, and was buried in the churchyard, but later, when a stone church was built, his body was laid within it. What happened to that tomb, and, indeed, to the first monastery, is not on record, but there can be very little doubt that it was destroyed in the Danish invasions and was left in ruins during nearly two centuries. In 1078 Stephen of Whitby brought monks to the ruins and rebuilt the monastery, and the church they erected is substantially the remarkable little building still to be seen. It is quite possible that some portions of the original stone structure left in ruins by the Danes may be incorporated in the existing building, and, if so, Lastingham is a valuable link with the very early days of English history, when monasticism at its best, and strongly impressed with the influences radiating from the capital of the Eastern Roman empire, was bringing its civilising influences to bear upon a primitive warring people. In the chancel, the four great piers of the nave and the wonderfully perfect little crypt are of pure Norman architecture of the eleventh century.

The copy of Correggio's picture, "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," in the apse of the church, was painted by John Jackson, R.A., who was the son of a Lastingham tailor and was born in the village in 1778. His determination to paint pictures was not to be checked by the want of good materials, for when he wished to make his first copy of a portrait in oils—a Reynolds lent

him by Sir George Beaumont—he managed to obtain what he needed from the village painter and glazier, and with these coarse materials produced



THE NORMAN CRYPT OF LASTINGHAM CHURCH

a result so admirable that he was provided with £50 a year to enable him to work as a student.

It was about this time, when Jackson was still unknown to fame, that one of the most remarkable tales began to circulate in the neighbourhood as

to the strange behaviour of Mr. Carter, curate-in-charge of Lastingham. It was stated that his wife had started a public-house in the crypt of the church, and that on Sunday afternoons the parson amused the people by playing his fiddle while the young folk danced! It was at the next visitation by the archdeacon, after the story had reached his ears, that Mr. Carter explained the whole situation. "I have," he said, "a wife and thirteen children, and with a stipend of £20 per annum, increased only by a few surplice fees, I will not impose upon your understanding by attempting to advance any argument to show the impossibility of us all being supported from my church preferment." He went on to explain how he was able to obtain fish in abundance in the neighbouring stream and how his neighbours requited such gifts with generosity, and added, "This is not all; my wife keeps a public-house, and as my parish is so wide that some of my parishioners have to come from ten to fifteen miles to church, you will readily allow that some refreshment before they return must occasionally be necessary . . . Now, sir, . . . I make no doubt but you are well assured that the most general topicks in conversation at public-houses, are Politicks and Religion, with which, God knows, ninety-nine out of one hundred of those who participate in the general clamour are totally unacquainted. . . . To divert their attention to these foibles over their cups, I take down my violin and play them a few tunes, which gives me

an opportunity of seeing that they get no more liquor than necessary for refreshment; and if the young people propose a dance I seldom answer in the negative." Finally, Mr. Carter laid stress on the fact that this way of passing Sunday was so congenial to his parishioners that they were "imperceptibly led along the path of piety and morality," and in the end the archdeacon could only compliment him on his work and methods.

There is some evidence to prove that cock-fighting took place in this crypt in the eighteenth century. George Calvert, whose book I have already quoted, writes, "I have heard my own grandfather tell how he and others did match their cocks and fight 'em for secret sake in the crypt of Lastingham Church." The entrance at that time was not in the nave as at present, but on the north side, a fact which may explain the ease with which the desecration was carried out.

About five miles to the east of Lastingham, by the road which climbs out of the dale of the Seven and passes through the wind-swept village of Cropton, perched on the high ground above are the Cawthorne Camps astride the Roman road from Malton to Whitby—locally known as Wade's Causeway. There are altogether four areas enclosed by earthworks, but only one can be seen without difficulty owing to the plantation which now covers them. The most important, however, is the westerly one, which is fortunately clear of trees and is rectangular and quite typical of the usual Roman camp. Adjoining is a long oval one

which may have been used for cattle, and further to the east are two roughly square camps sharing one side in common. The Roman road passed through the first-mentioned camp from west to east, and from indications mentioned by Drake in 1736, there seems no doubt that the road was taken down the steep descent immediately to the north, and from thence, in a fairly direct fashion, to Dunsley Bay, north of Whitby. I have seen the roadway exposed to view near Stape, and those who wish to undertake a little archæological exploration can do so without difficulty if they go northwards through the heather from that hamlet towards Wheeldale. Whether caught in the net of such an enterprise or not, there are glorious rambles to be had over the moorland country with its wide horizons of sober brown or gay purple, which stretch away from the Cawthorne Camps in every direction except to the south.

It is possible to keep along the edge of the wonderful gorge of Newton Dale, whose cañon-like form is a perpetual surprise, even to those who have visited it fairly often. It is described more fully in the next chapter and, as I am at present keeping to the northern confines of the Vale of Pickering, I turn southwards to the village where the old village of Middleton boasts a very early church tower, the lower portion of which appears to be of pre-Norman work. Saxon crosses have been incorporated in the walls after the manner common in the district, as though the



MIDDLETON CHURCH

The lower portion of the tower is of very early
Norman work

builders had felt complete indifference to these fine memorials of a few generations earlier.

Middleton and a few of the old villages near by still possess some of the very early type of cottages built with massive forks of oak to support a steeply-pitched roof. These forks invariably rested on the ground, and of necessity showed prominently within. The plan of the cottages is almost invariable, consisting of one large living-room with a bedroom opening from it, and separated by a passage passing right through, there are two small store or work-rooms. Overhead in the roof, reached by a cupboard staircase, are two bedrooms generally low and ill-lighted, having only a small window in each gable-end. Middleton is only a mile from Pickering, the metropolis of this part of the county and the centre for movements by road and rail, as a glance at the map will show. It is fully dealt with in Chapter VI.

Thornton-le-Dale. Continuing eastward along the edge of the vale the first village is named after the long and narrow dale at whose outlet it stands. In summer and autumn this is an exceedingly attractive spot, and the village nestling under the shade of great trees and musical with the bright waters of Dalby Beck ranks among the prettiest in Yorkshire. There is still a good deal of thatch on the roofs of the older cottages, and the early "fork" method of construction is well represented, but disappearing gradually. At the foot of the old stone cross (its age is uncertain)

are the village stocks, but they are, alas, quite modern, the old ones having been thrown away when these replaced them, and they are not even a copy of the original ones. There is, however, a curious and quite genuine prison in the village still to be seen. It is known as "The Black Hole," for it is cut out of the ground of the steep bank on which the almshouses stand. The last woman placed in this gloomy cell escaped through the aid of four men who broke their way in. A recumbent effigy in the church has been thought to be that of Sir Richard Cholmley of Roxby, great-grandfather of Sir Hugh Cholmley, who conducted the heroic defence of Scarborough Castle during the Parliamentary War. It appears that this is an erroneous idea, for there is little doubt that the figure represents a woman.

If the moors are approached from Thornton-le-Dale, one passes Ellerburn, about a mile up the valley, and although the village is tiny, one should certainly pause to see the curious little church. At the restoration, which took place in 1904, a Norman chancel arch of the oddest design and most primitive workmanship was brought to light.

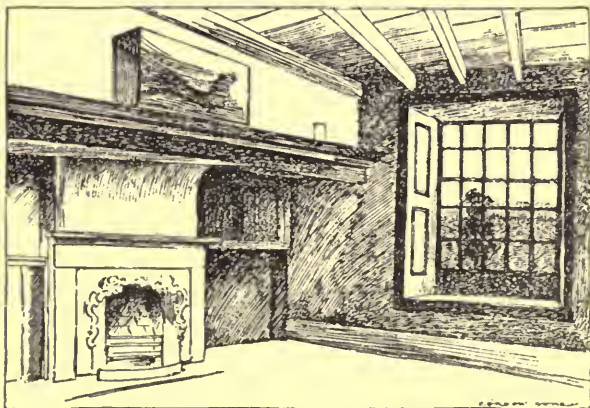
Ebberston. As one journeys eastwards along the road to Scarborough it soon becomes apparent that the population of the neighbourhood, certainly since Saxon times, has clung to the sunny slopes of the desolate moorland region extending northwards to the Tees, avoiding the marshy levels of the Vale of Pickering, across

which their villages looked towards the rounded contours of the chalk wolds to the south. In remote ages the Neolithic and Bronze Age population appear to have had quite other ideas, for the indications of their occupation of the high wind-swept moorland have been discovered everywhere. It is scarcely possible, however, that the warm and sheltered slopes were not utilised for cultivation in small patches, even in those early ages, but succeeding populations have wiped out any such traces and the long string of villages—there are a dozen in about fifteen miles—is essentially Saxon, nearly every settlement having the terminal of “ton.”

As Wilton makes no claim to be interesting there is no reason to turn in that direction, and after looking at the church of Allerston, which makes the village picturesque, with its Perpendicular tower, there is nothing to detain one. Ebberston, the next village, lives estranged from its church, which has (with unchristian snobbery) chosen a position of aloofness adjoining the hall. Its architecture is not without interest, having a Norman south door and other early features, including the font. The blocked-up arch in the south wall requires explanation.

Above these villages, two miles distant, there are to be seen on the moors the heather-grown mounds and trenches known as the Scamridge Dykes. They are a formidable relic of prehistoric times, running for some miles across the moor between Troutsdale and Allerston. Canon Greenwell con-

sidered the dykes as "part of a great system of fortification, apparently intended to protect from an invading body advancing from the east." The fact that in no part of England have there been discovered more stone arrow-heads and other implements than in the neighbourhood of these



THE PARLOUR OF GALLOWS HILL FARM, BROMPTON

Here Mary Hutchinson was living when her marriage with Wordsworth took place in 1802

entrenchments leads one to believe that they were the scene of tribal warfare throughout a very long period.

To appreciate to the full the story of these moorland heights the wayfarer should have read *Ten Years' Diggings*, by Thomas Bateman; or *Early Man in Britain*, by Professor W. Boyd Dawkins.

Sawdon is the station adjoining Brompton, and

has been given its name from the hamlet at the head of Sawdon Dale, two longish miles to the north, no doubt to avoid confusion with the other Bromptons in the county.

It was in Brompton church that William Wordsworth was married on the 4th October, 1802, to Mary Hutchinson, his "perfect woman, nobly planned," whom he had known since his school days at Penrith. The signatures of the poet and his wife can be seen in the parish register. Half-way to the adjoining village of Ruston is Gallows Hill Farm, plainly visible from the main road, where Mary Hutchinson kept house for her brother Thomas until her marriage.

The village of Brompton is picturesque and sleepy, being seldom disturbed by anything besides the passing of a train or infrequent motor traffic, and possessing no ruins of a castle or fortified house, one scarcely expects to find it mentioned in any document save in regard to its church. The records, however, of the Duchy of Lancaster during the reign of Henry VII. tell of an attempted ambush by Sir Ralph Evers, who was accused of having laid in wait with his men to murder Sir Roger Hastings and his wife on their way to Scarborough. Sir Roger, fearing an attack, had sent on some of his men who discovered the ambushed party. Sir Ralph, on finding that they were only servants, was charged with having said to them, "Ye false hurson Kaytyffes, I shall lerne you curtesy and to knowe a gentilman," and as he set his arrow in his bow, he said,



HUTTON BUSCEL CHURCH

It has a graceful churchyard cross and a massive Norman and Early English tower

"And your Master were here I wolde stoppe hym they wey." The result of the trial at Westminster Palace showed up Sir Roger Hastings as the troublesome person, and the case went against him, for the evidence proved that this knight and his servants were "daily goyng and rydyng through the country more like men of warr then men of peas," and that they terrified the people by ridyng into the towns and markets with bows bent and arrows in their hands.

Wykeham is a station between the village of that name and Hutton Buscel. The first-mentioned (pronounced with a long "y") is interesting in connection with the Cistercian nunnery founded about 1153 by Paganus de Wykeham. In the middle of last century, the period when no one seemed to trouble what became of an old building, England being busy expanding her world commerce and seemingly opaque to all other considerations, the church of this little monastery was taken down. There is now so little to be seen that the existence of the nunnery would soon be forgotten but for the name of Lord Downe's house, which is called Wykeham Abbey. The site is geologically of much interest, for the raised ground projecting into the flat alluvium of the vale is a moraine or delta of a river of one of the glacial ages—the early form of the Derwent. It was the overflow of a lake filling the dales radiating from Hackness.

The only feature worthy of attention in Wykeham village is the very unusual lych-gate of the

churchyard, which is the tower of either the old parish church or that of a chapel founded in 1321. Just to the north of the railway, and only half a mile from Wykeham, is Hutton Buscel, an old village with ancient cottages of the primitive "fork" type, and a church whose tower, Norman below and Early English above, is singularly picturesque in its setting among the trees of the pleasant churchyard sloping down towards the vale.

Forge Valley. The station at the foot of the picturesque and very heavily-wooded gorge from which it takes its name is much used during the summer by the residents of Scarborough and the great influx of visitors. The valley appears to have obtained its name from a forge¹ mentioned by Hinderwell in his *History and Antiquities of Scarborough*, and one is not able to associate it with a satanic smith or, indeed, anything that is not of recent origin.

There is every reason to penetrate beyond the leafy gorge, for at only a distance of four miles from the station, placed in an inner recess of the valley, is Hackness, whose story is linked with Hilda, the great Abbess of Whitby. In 680, the year of her death, she founded a monastery in this singularly retired hollow of the moors. Its out-of-the-way situation did not save it from discovery and pillage by the invading Danes. They destroyed it in the ninth century, but when Whitby was re-established after the Norman Conquest, Hackness

¹ Although the term "forge" is used, it was in reality a small foundry or ironworks.

also arose from its ruins, and the interesting church one finds close to the hall dates in part from that recovery. It is more than probable that the Saxon stone in the chancel arch, and fragments of a Saxon cross, belong to the first period. This cross is considered unique on account of its cryptic runes. Latin capitals and ordinary runes appear with the cryptic ones.

From Hackness there is an ample choice of routes. One can return to Scarborough by climbing out of the dale and dropping down to Scalby, where there is a station; or there is the beautiful road called Lady Edith's Drive which skirts the wooded slopes and joins the Whitby road just outside the great watering-place. Westward goes a track inviting one to explore Troutsdale, to climb up to the heather close to the Scamridge Dykes, and descend upon Snainton with the wide view over the Vale of Pickering spread out before one during the last three miles. For the adventurous there is a most exhilarating walk right up the main valley westward beyond the last farm. From thence one can climb up to Blakey Topping (over 800 feet), and after seeing Malo Cross, procure tea at the Saltersgate Inn before catching a train at Levisham station. A good plan is to put up for the night at one of the moorland inns and return by another route on the following day. It is unnecessary to specify how one should plan such a two-days' excursion, for anyone with the half-inch coloured contour map of the district will be able to select his route without difficulty.



THE SALTERSGATE INN

On the old road from Whitby to Pickering in the midst of magnificent moorland scenery

CHAPTER VI

CLEVELAND AND THE NORTH YORKSHIRE MOORS

A JOURNEY through the heart of the North Yorkshire moors can be commenced at Whitby with great advantages. There is the choice of following the road along the Esk fairly closely as far as the Beggar's Bridge at Glaisdale, or, if one prefers the open moorland, there is the alternative of taking the high road from Whitby to Guisborough as far as Egton Low Moor, and then turning southwards to Egton itself, where one crosses the river and so reaches the high moorland plateau where heather stretches away to the horizon in every direction. A third alternative is that of taking the old grass-grown coach-road to York, across Sleights and Goathland Moors, and so descending to Pickering. From this last route various alternatives offer themselves: that of turning down to Goathland village from the highest part of Sleights Moor, or of plunging into Newton Dale from Saltersgate, and continuing along the course of the Dale to reach Pickering by way of Newton.

Sleights. The Esk is suitable for boating all the way from Whitby, past the eighteenth-century mill at Ruswarp, as far as Sleights. The banks are charmingly wooded, with glimpses here and there of the moors on either side.

Grosmont must have been an extremely beautiful spot before the iron mines disturbed the natural contours of the valley just where it branches to the south towards Newton Dale. A small priory was established here in Norman times by Joanna, wife of Robert de Torneham, and those who wish to examine the site will be rewarded by finding indications of the position of the church. Following the course of the Esk, the valley goes due west and becomes heavily wooded when it enters Glaisdale, where, overshadowed by masses of fine trees, is the beautiful single span of the Beggar's Bridge. The signs of weakness it has recently shown have caused alarm to those who appreciate the charm of this sequestered spot. The bridge was originally known as Firris Bridge, from the name of the builder, Thomas Firris, whose initials and the date 1621 are still visible. Some time in the sixteenth century the previous bridge seems to have fallen, and this date records the reconstruction when some of the fourteenth-century coping-stones were utilised.

From Glaisdale one can climb up on to the moorland above by a road leading down to Rose-dale Abbey and Kirby Moorside. There is also a fascinating road which climbs the side of Glaisdale Moor and drops down to Lealholm Bridge, where there is a conveniently-placed station. Another road mounts steeply to the north and brings one to the top of Danby Beacon, a bold eminence giving exhilarating views across the head of Eskdale. In the village beneath this height

Canon Atkinson was incumbent for many years, and here he wrote his interesting volume, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*. The neighbourhood of Danby has yielded many prehistoric burial urns, weapons and other objects.

As one ascends higher and higher, the strips of cultivation along the bottom of the valley shrink in width, the heather beginning to converge on either side, until, beyond Kildale, a bend to the south suddenly reveals the level plain with the great shoulders of the Cleveland Hills rising above it like cliffs from a green sea. On the highest point of Easby Moor stands a boldly placed column, erected to the memory of Captain Cook, the explorer, who was born at Marton, a village near at hand in the plain. He served his apprenticeship at Whitby, and it was a Mr. Champion of that town who defrayed the expense of the monument.

Battersby Junction. The railway running north passes close to a curiously formed peak, known as Roseberry Topping, which, from some points of view, might almost be called the tusk of the Cleveland Hills.

There is an old couplet concerning the value of this isolated hill as a warning of bad weather. It appears in an early MS. as follows:

When Roseberrye Toppinge wears a cappe,
Let Cleveland then beware a clappe.

Guisborough has come within reach of the iron-mining industry of Cleveland, but its appearance

is singularly unspoiled, and the exquisite fragment of its Augustinian Priory still rises above pleasant green meadowland, with distant views of the Cleveland Hills framed by the open arches. It is only possible to judge the buildings of the monastery from the east end of the church. It is a fine example of Decorated work, and the detail is exceedingly good. There is a gateway of uncertain date and a fine old dove-cote, but otherwise little remains of what was at one time a monastery of considerable importance. The founder was Robert de Brus, whose brother became the first prior in 1119. None of the buildings of this Norman structure exist to-day, and only a few carved stones and capitals of this period can be seen. A predecessor of the present church was destroyed by fire caused through the carelessness of some workmen who were soldering up holes in the lead of the roof. Walter of Hemingburgh gives every detail of this disaster, mentioning the plumber's charcoal fire, his iron crucibles and the dry wood he had taken up upon the roof, and how he had descended thinking that the fire had been extinguished by his workmen.

Details of the life of the priory are revealed by the records of the visitations from the Archbishop of York and his commissioners, complaints are made that the canons were falling short of the required standard of life in a variety of ways. Silence was to be kept more strictly in the cloister, and the repetition of immoral stories was to cease. Those who had become notorious for their quarrel-

someness were not to be promoted, but were to receive punishment from the prior and sub-prior.

Guisborough church contains in its porch two of the stones which formed the great Bruce cenotaph, erected in the priory church in Tudor times. It appears to have been removed to the parish church at the Dissolution and sometime in the eighteenth century it was broken up and the pieces scattered, one end being now back in the priory at the foot of the north staircase turret. The top is now part of the altar, and the base is also in the chancel. Perhaps the five remaining slabs of this most interesting tomb will one day be brought together again. The fame of the semi-royal family of Bruce and the great part it played in the thirteenth century would seem to justify the hope that this may be done. Until then one can only judge of the original state of the cenotaph from the engraving to be found in the first edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*.

In connection with the family of Chaloner, whose name has been associated with the town since Tudor times, there is a story of much interest concerning the origin of the alum industry in Yorkshire. Travelling on the Continent during the reign of Elizabeth, Mr. Thomas Chaloner visited Rome, and while there saw the Pope's alum-works. He was fired with the idea that it would be very advantageous to take advantage of the deposits of alum found in several localities in the north-eastern corner of Yorkshire. To



GUISBOROUGH ABBEY

Photochrom Co. Ltd.

start the undertaking would need experts in the work, and by the offer of a considerable sum of money, two of the papal workmen, well versed in the methods of manufacture, were induced to give their consent to coming to England. To avoid the risk of discovery, and the very serious consequences to them if their action were known, the two men were secreted in barrels, and so conveyed on board a vessel about to leave for England. All went well, the men reached Guisborough in safety, and before long Mr. Chaloner had the satisfaction of seeing the new industry developing. At length, however, the news of the desertion of his two employees reached the ears of the Pope, and as a consequence Mr. Chaloner had to feel the full blast of a papal curse—a thing likely to be more disturbing to the mind in that century than at the present day. Both the Englishman and the two Italians were to be cursed in every part of their bodies, and the whole calendar of saints were invited to join in the operation. From the thresholds of the Holy Church of God Almighty were the three to be sequestered in order that they might “be tormented, disposed of and delivered over with Dathan and Abiram,” and so on. . . . Singularly enough, and to the discomfiture of His Holiness, the industry grew and prospered, and mines were opened at Sandsend, at Whitby, and in several other localities. They all appeared to have done well, and only the improvements and discoveries of the last century caused the gradual abandonment of the operations.

Yarm is a quaint old town possessing one of the oldest bridges in Yorkshire. In its original form it was erected by Bishop Skirlaw of Durham, whose term of office ran from 1388 to 1405. Since then the inevitable widening and alteration have deprived the bridge of its Gothic character. *Yarm* church was rebuilt to a great extent in 1730. It was a period of massive woodwork, and as a consequence the pews and pulpit recall the interiors of some of the churches in the City of London. Of the Norman church there remains a good deal of the west end, and there are a few carved stones of early date.

Welbury is the nearest station to the ruins of Mount Grace Priory, a Carthusian house, founded in 1398 by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey and Earl of Kent. He was executed two years later (he was then only twenty-three) for his part in the rebellion against Henry IV., and the buildings being unfinished the monastery was almost disintegrated. Henry VI., however, gave the priory his aid by securing for it the lands with which it had been endowed, and it flourished thereafter to such an extent that its value when dissolved in 1535 was £323. The founder's body was afterwards brought from Cirencester and buried at Mount Grace. Of the nine houses of the Carthusian Order founded in England, Mount Grace is the only one left where one can see actual remains, and for this reason a pilgrimage to this beautiful sylvan spot close to the Cleveland Hills should on no account be omitted. The plan of the

buildings is curiously irregular and lacking in right angles, and owing to the hermit-like life of the monks allowing no communal life except in the services of the church, one finds no refectory or dormitory, but instead a series of cells, each in its enclosure of garden, surrounding a rhomboidal cloister. In order that food might be brought to each cell without its occupant seeing the server, the hatches were constructed with a double turn in the thickness of the wall. These can be seen to-day. Of the church, the nave and transepts are still standing, and there is a range of buildings, including the gateway, which was converted into a private house in 1654 by Thomas Lascelles, whose initials as well as the alterations and additions he made can easily be recognised.

Between Mount Grace Priory and Welbury is East Harlsey, and it is worth while to mount the hill and see, not only the beautiful view of Black Hambleton (1289 feet) to the south-east and the range of the hills beyond, but also the monuments in the church, one an effigy in chain armour with uncovered head.

Easily accessible from Welbury is the village of Rounton, where the church is Norman and has a very early and interesting font.

Osmotherley possesses, besides a village cross, an unusual feature in the form of a stone table, whose purpose is now forgotten. The church is aisleless and chiefly of interest on account of the form of its Decorated chancel arch which has the bases of its shafts about half-way up the wall.

In this, as in such a very large number of the churches of Yorkshire, there are indications of the existence of a Norman building. Could one go back to the twelfth century, I do not doubt that in nearly every town and village one would find a newly-built stone church possessing certain enrichments of capital and moulding. The masons must have been busy all through that century replacing the Saxon buildings wrecked by the Danes, or rebuilding on a larger and finer scale those which had been spared.

Northallerton had administrative powers over certain manors (called collectively Northallertonshire) at the time of the Conquest, and it is now the chief town of the North Riding. It consists of a wide street extending along the great highway to the north, and as it possesses no picturesqueness it would hardly call for more than the barest description if it were not for its fine old church and the notable battle fought near by.

The church shows its evolution from a Norman structure with great clearness. Of this early building the nave and north aisle remain. The south aisle and transepts are Early English, the tower is Perpendicular, while the chancel is a Georgian reconstruction. Northallerton was burnt by the Scots when Randolph and Douglas ravaged the north of England between 1318 and 1320, during the reign of that worthless sovereign Edward II. If the church suffered, the masonry must have escaped damage in the nave and transepts.

It was in 1138, only three years after the throne

of England had come into the uncertain occupation of Stephen of Blois, that David I. of Scotland brought his strangely composed army into England to further the claims of his son to the earldom of Northumberland.

David's first invasion, in 1136, in support of Stephen's rival Matilda, had been arrested by the treaty signed in the north between the two kings, but the first question of her son's claim, not then settled, brought David over the border again. The forces he led included Germans, Saxons, Cumbrian Britons, Galloway Picts, Gaels, Normans and the men of Lothian and Teviotdale, and with such a scourge plundering, burning and massacring as they went, it is not surprising that the levies of Northumbria responded with singular promptness to the call of Thurstan, Archbishop of York. His age and weakness prevented him from being present at the battle, for he could get no further than Thirsk; but the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley and St. Wilfred of Ripon were carried forward with the army. These flags were fixed to a long pole erected on a platform on wheels, and at the top of this mast were fixed a silver crucifix and pyx within which were placed the consecrated elements. The levies of the northern chieftains must have felt like the children of Israel with the Ark in their midst, and having had absolution proclaimed for all who were to lose their lives in the struggle, they went forward with cries of "Amen." The victory of the English was complete after a short battle, and their losses

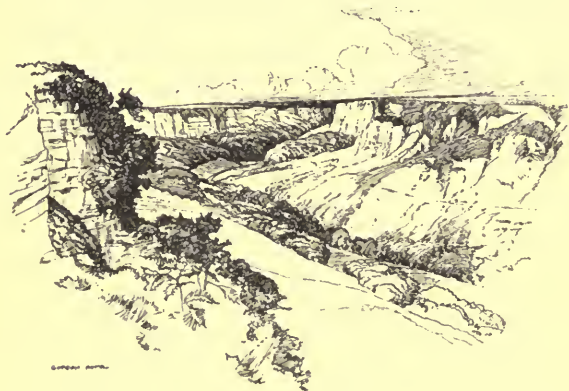
are recorded as light. During the retreat the invaders suffered heavily, and the Battle of the Standard, as it came to be called, was fairly decisive. It is interesting to study the list of great barons who were present at the battle. One finds among them many of the names with which one becomes familiar in a peregrination of Yorkshire. There were Bruce, Mowbray, Espec, Percy, Albemarle, Baliol, Lacy, Peverill and Stuteville, and among these leaders only Gilbert de Lacy is reported to have been killed.

The site of the battle is a little to the west of the Great North Road, some three miles north of the town. A farm called "Standard Hill" is considered to be on, or quite near to, the spot where the standard was placed.

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Goathland is at the head of that strange cañon through which the overflow of an ice-age lake found its way into the large lake of Pickering. It is a tiny village scattered over a gentle slope at the foot of Wheeldale Beck, and is one of the most perfect spots for the Rambler who wishes to spend some time in the heart of the moors. Here one can revel in the wide purple landscapes, and in the autumn watch the steep slopes of Newton Dale turn to Venetian red where the bracken begins to feel the oncoming of winter. Here, too, one can enjoy the results of the steady energy of the bee who collects that excellent variety of honey which only heather produces.

Newton Dale can be explored on foot, either on its floor, or by following moorland tracks above its precipitous sides. One of the points where cliffs rise to their greatest heights is known as Killingnoble Scar. It was in this semicircular recess on the west side of the gorge that a breed of hawks was preserved with great care by the men



IN THE DEEP CAÑON OF NEWTON DALE

of Goathland for the use of James I., whose love for hawking dated from his boyhood. These birds long survived the construction of the railway, but have now disappeared. On the same side of the valley, close to the foot of the Scar, is Newton Dale Well, whose water, according to Hinderswell, had certain advantages, “. . . in cold-bathing,” and were also useful “for the strengthening of the limbs of children.” On Midsummer day a fair was held at the well, attracting large

numbers of country folk, who assembled to see the ceremonies performed which should secure the efficacy of the waters.

One of the first railways constructed in England passed through Newton Dale on its way from Pickering to Whitby. Steam was not employed as motive force, the coaches being merely drawn by horses up the glen until the highest point was reached. There the team was taken off and the vehicles continued the journey, propelled by no other force than gravity. It is recorded that the run downhill was sometimes carried out at the dangerous speed of twenty miles an hour, and the driver would at times increase this to thirty miles, so confident was he in his brakes.

At the highest point of the gorge is Fen Bog where peat has accumulated to a great depth. According to Professor P. F. Kendall, who has bored through the vegetable deposit, the channel across the watershed, in the glacial ages, might have been seventy-five feet below the present level.

Levisham. By a steep path ascending through a strip of wood the village of Newton can be reached, but charming as is this collection of low cottages scattered along the edge of a green, there is a more romantic spot to the east, where two villages, Levisham and Lockton, face one another across a very deep branch valley containing the sturdy little church to which the people of Levisham were wont to descend before the chapel of ease was put in the village. The latter contains a font of



A YORKSHIRE COTTAGER

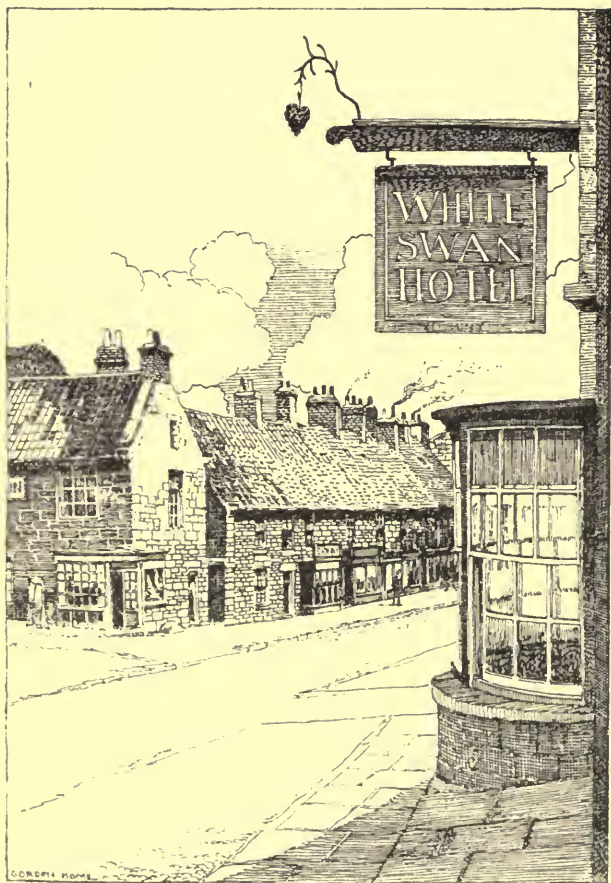
From a photograph by Miss C. F. Harrison

great antiquity—a rudely sculptured tub, discovered in a farm-yard not many years ago. The old church is still used to some extent, and its interior is worth seeing, for it contains Norman features and some interesting Saxon fragments.

Pickering. Standing at the southern opening of Newton Dale on a gentle slope rising from the marshy levels of the vale, is the very ancient town of Pickering. Such a position must have gained for it importance in earliest times, and the older historians of England seem to delight in giving curious stories of the founding of the place by traditional kings who flourished some two or three centuries before Cæsar's first expedition to Britain. Even Holinshed could not resist telling a vague story of Viginus and Peredurus, who "began to reigne jointlie as kings of Britaine, in the year of the world 3701, after the building of Rome 485, . . ." and goes on to state that Peredurus "builded the towne of Pikering where his bodie was buried." Whether there was any settlement on the spot during the Roman occupation is a subject open to discussion, for the route taken by the Roman road passes well to the west. Possibly the British village of Pickering existed, but was ignored by the road-builders. Lake dwellings of extreme antiquity existed on the River Costa, about two miles from Pickering. They were excavated in 1893 and led to the discovery of human bones of a very short race of people with prehensile toes. No human skull was found—a misfortune for anthropology which might be

overcome if further excavations were made. Of the Saxon town there are no indications other than part of a cross ornamented with interlaced work; it is only with the Norman period one comes to firm historical ground, and discovers that Morcar, the great Mercian earl, used to hold the manor in the time of Edward the Confessor. At this time the Castle of Pickering probably assumed something of its present form if one excludes the southern bailey, for the present walls, if not Norman, according to Mr. G. T. Clark, "are unquestionably laid on Norman lines." No doubt the first Norman fortress and keep were of timber, and the first stone walls would date from the reign of Henry II., to which period would belong the Norman doorway at the north-west corner. As the castle appears to-day, it comprises an oval of walls studded with picturesque towers. The keep, probably dating from the time of Edward II., has disappeared save for a few large fragments of masonry still adhering to the steep artificial mound. Two towers in excellent preservation and the entrance gateway are prominent features of the wall of the outer bailey built in the Edwardian period.

Pickering, having become a royal possession in Norman times, received many visits from Norman and Plantagenet kings. The earliest actual reference to a royal visit is found in the *Coucher Book* which mentions that Henry I. issued a writ there. John came on one occasion and lost twenty shillings in playing backgammon with Lord



THE MARKET-PLACE, PICKERING

Salisbury. From this time forward, details of the control of the forests of Pickering became richer year by year. The chronicle of Richard Hardyng states that Richard II. was taken from Leeds to Pickering, from thence to Knaresborough, and finally to Pontefract, where he was murdered. The whole story, however, of Richard's end is shrouded in mystery.

From the reign of Elizabeth onwards Pickering Castle suffered from all sorts of vandalism. Sir Richard Cholmley, when adding a gallery to his house at Roxby near by (since destroyed), took fourteen wain-loads of stone from the King's Hall—a building within the castle, now vanished. During the Civil War timber, iron and lead were removed from the towers for putting Scarborough Castle in a better state of defence, with the result that towers which were until then habitable became roofless ruins.

Among the great number of interesting churches in the county, that of Pickering is unique on account of the very fine series of paintings on the walls of the nave.¹ The arcades are Norman of two dates, with a Perpendicular clerestory above. From the arms and plate armour of the knights shown in the scene depicting the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, the date of the paintings can be placed between 1450 and 1460. They were covered with whitewash at some subsequent

¹ For a full description and a series of photographs, see the author's work on Pickering, *The Evolution of an English Town*. Dent, 1905.

period, and their existence had been quite forgotten when they were accidentally discovered in 1853. Such a distracting array of colour and curiously depicted scenes in the style of mediæval art were considered unsuitable for exposure to an early-Victorian congregation, and whitewash once more obliterated them. It was not until some years later that they were again uncovered and carefully restored. The figure of St. George, Herod's feast and the lowest scene depicting the life of St. Katherine of Alexandria were found to have been badly damaged, memorial slabs having been fixed to the walls above them. The life of Christ and His descent into Hades, represented by the head of a hideous red monster whose open mouth is furnished with fangs of exceeding sharpness, is shown on the south wall beneath the strange incident of Prince Belzeray at the funeral of the Virgin Mary. Further to the east are the Seven Acts of Corporal Mercy and the life of St. Katherine. Facing these on the north there are the following subjects, beginning at the east end: St. George and the Dragon; St. Christopher, the patron saint of travellers; Herod's feast beneath the coronation of the Virgin Mary, with the wall of Heaven still higher; finally, the martyrdom of St. Edmund, who is shown pierced with fourteen big arrows, and above this painful scene a much less gory martyrdom of Becket, in which the four knights are depicted as parleying with the archbishop.

In the chancel is a mail-clad effigy, probably representing Sir William Bruce of Pickering,

who in 1337 was granted a licence to have a chantry in the church. The beautiful alabaster effigies of a knight and his lady in the Bruce chapel do not belong to the Bruce family as often stated, but are those of Sir David Roucliffe, or Rockcliffe, and Dame Margery his wife. Both wear the collar of SS.

In many ways the old town of Pickering preserves a singular remoteness from the busy outer world. There the feudal spirit dies slowly, and within living memory many superstitious customs were commonly practised.

CHAPTER VII

HARROGATE AND THE FOREST OF KNARESBOROUGH

LEVEL country extends westward from York for a considerable distance up the course of the Nidd, then low hills begin to rise, and the scenery becomes steadily more picturesque as Knaresborough is approached.

Marston Moor was open country during the Civil War, when, on July 2, 1644, a very sanguinary battle was fought between the Royalists, under Prince Rupert, and the Roundheads led by Leven, in command of the Scots, Sir Thomas Fairfax, Cromwell and Leslie. The Parliamentarians numbered 20,000 foot and 7000 horse, and were distinguished by white bands, or paper, in their hats. The Royalists had the same number of cavalry, but only 16,000 foot. Not until seven in the evening did the battle begin, but it was only about ten days from the summer solstice when light would have lasted late. Rupert's horse were overcome by Leslie's attack, and during their retreat along the road to York their losses were terrible. Prince Rupert only escaped by hiding. It is a notable fact that this battle and that fought at Towton, only a few miles to the south, were the two bloodiest conflicts between Englishmen.

Kirk Hammerton is notable for its Saxon church, possibly dating from between 950 and the Conquest. It consists of a nave and chancel and a western tower, but to the north has been erected such a large modern addition that the original is now dwarfed into insignificance.

Allerton. In charming scenery, close to Allerton Park, about two miles from the station, is the church of Allerton Mauleverer, a building which has suffered much from rebuilding in the "Churchwarden" period. It is interesting on account of its effigies, two of them of wood and two of alabaster. They are probably of the Mauleverer family, who held Allerton as early as 1284.

Goldsborough was the scene of an interesting discovery in 1858, when, in digging a drain near the church, a remarkable collection of coins of the ninth and tenth centuries was brought to light. The church has much to attract attention, for besides a richly ornamented Norman door there are cross-legged recumbent knights in chain mail and many other monuments of great interest. Just below the village and the park runs the beautiful Nidd, taking a most serpentine course, and forming a deep peninsula before it finally turns in the direction of Knaresborough.

Knaresborough. Here the Nidd has worn its way deep down in the limestone, and is overhung by picturesque cliffs mantled with trees. On the left bank, high up above the water, are the ruins of the famous castle of Knaresborough, built in Norman times, and owned by a succession of



KNARESBOROUGH

*From the cliffs on which the Castle stands this view of the town
and the deep channel of the Nidd is obtained*

powerful barons who held the manor. To this stronghold, according to local tradition, came the murderers of Becket, one of them, Hugh de Morville, being then the owner of the castle. Richard II., before his removal to Pontefract, appears to have been brought for a time to Knaresborough. Unfortunately, the keep has been reduced to a sad state of ruin, and the other portions of the curtain-wall and towers are now very scanty. On the opposite bank of the river is the famous “Dropping Well,” where the waters of a spring, percolating through magnesian limestone, fall from the face of an overhanging cliff, carrying with every drop a certain amount of carbonate of lime. On this account it has for long been famous for its petrifying qualities, and, as a curiosity of nature, attracts much attention from the summer visitors to the town, who can also enjoy excellent boating in the loveliest river scenery. In a conspicuous position is the much-restored church, built in all the periods of Gothic. The memorials and tombs of the Slingsby family, dating from 1600 to recent times, are numerous and of extreme interest. A very impressive piece of evidence of the fierceness of the Scottish attacks on Yorkshire towns is to be seen in the tower of this church. In 1318 the Scots, coming from Boroughbridge, proceeded to sack Knaresborough, and as many of the townsfolk as could take refuge in the church tower defended themselves there. In order to burn them out a great fire was built up against the walls, and although unsuccessful in its object it has left

in the redness of the stone a permanent record of the brutality of the invaders.

A little lower down the river than the castle rock a tiny chapel has been cut out of the limestone cliff. It is believed to have been the work of a certain hermit named Robert, who lived in another hewn-out cave about a mile lower down the river. This latter is often called Eugene Aram's cave, after the supposed murderer, in 1774, of one Daniel Clark.

Harrogate is now one of the chief inland watering-places of England, and yet before 1624 it can scarcely be found on the map. The discoverer of the spring was the seventh son of Sir Francis Slingsby, who, recognising the remarkable properties of the waters, protected the outlet with a wall. It was only after the Civil War that people began to find their way to this lonely spot, where the waters were described, in 1664, as having "a most unpleasant smell and taste." The first inn was put up in 1687. It bore the sign of the Queen's Head. Others followed, and by 1749 there were such a number of inhabitants that a chapel was built; famous people began to visit the well, among them Dr. Alexander Carlyle, the Scottish divine, Lord Clive and Smollett. From that time the progress from village to town was rapid, and in 1862 it had been reached by a railway.

The common called The Stray is the predominant feature of Harrogate. To find natural scenery of any charm the visitor must explore



THE BATHS, HARROGATE

Illingworth

the immediate surroundings. To the west there is a choice of rambling up the two southern vales of Yorkshire, those of the Nidd and the Wharfe. Between them lies a wide stretch of moorland, a great part of which is included in the Forest of Knaresborough. Nidderdale can be traversed by road, and there is also the convenience of the railway up to Pateley Bridge terminus, whence a light railway runs still higher up the dale as far as the artificial lake constructed by the city of Bradford for part of its water supply.

Dacre. Three miles above this station is the curious outcrop of millstone grit known as Brimham Rocks. They are weathered into the most strange forms, some of them suggesting giant idols of the South Seas. From this height there is a noble panorama across the moors and up the valley of the Nidd.

Pateley Bridge. From Pateley Bridge a road goes westwards across high moorlands and descends into Wharfedale at Grassington. From this village there is the choice of going up the dale to Kettlewell and a few miles beyond to Buckden. There one is in the heart of the wildest fell country, with magnificent walks and climbs in every direction. Southwards from Grassington the scenery is exceptionally lovely all the way to Bolton Abbey. The dale narrows and is heavily wooded at Barden Bridge, where memories of the "Shepherd" Lord Clifford are recalled. It was with the keepers in Barden Forest and at Bolton Abbey that he spent most of his time in his latter years hunting or

studying astronomy and astrology with the canons. When he died he was laid to rest in the monastery with many of his ancestors. The ruins of Bolton Abbey are well placed in a beautiful reach of the Wharfe. They were painted by Thomas Girtin, and a mezzotint made from his picture is reproduced in these pages. In 1120 an Augustinian priory was founded by William Meschines at a place four miles to the west of the present site. As in many other instances, the canons welcomed the opportunity of moving to a more sheltered site, land having been given them by the founder's daughter Alice in 1151. A picturesque legend surrounds this gift, telling one how a son of this Lady Alice lost his life while attempting to leap the waters of the river, where a few miles above the abbey they rush through a very narrow rocky channel known as the Strid. In her grief, tradition says, the mother decided to devote herself to the rebuilding of the abbey near the spot associated with her loss. It is hard to abandon such a story, and yet the charter conveying the new property to the canons bears the signature beneath that of his mother of the son in whose memory the gift was supposedly made!

Ilkley. Further down the course of the beautiful Wharfe one comes to the popular resort of Ilkley, situated in a good position for wanderings over the fells or up the dale. Boating, too, is a feature of this portion of the river, while for the archæologist there is a great interest in the prehistoric remains on Rumbolds Moor.



BOLTON ABBEY, WHARFEDALE

CHAPTER VIII

ALONG THE URE BELOW MASHAM

Boroughbridge. The great Roman road from York to Catterick passed through the town of Isurium, now represented by Aldborough, a very picturesque little town half a mile from Boroughbridge. The Roman site is on rising ground, and by singular good fortune is only slightly built upon, with the result that several sections of its massive tower-studded wall and some interesting mosaic pavements are not only visible but very easily accessible to those who are interested. Doubtless there remains underground much more than has yet been exposed to view, but there is quite enough, in conjunction with the interesting collection of Roman objects in the little museum in the grounds of the manor house, to enable one to obtain a good impression of Isurium.

About a quarter of a mile to the west of Boroughbridge are three enormous menhirs known as "The Devil's Arrows." They are from eighteen to twenty-two feet in height, and their very great antiquity is certain. That they were associated with some primitive form of worship is exceedingly probable, but, although excavations have been made at their bases, little information has been

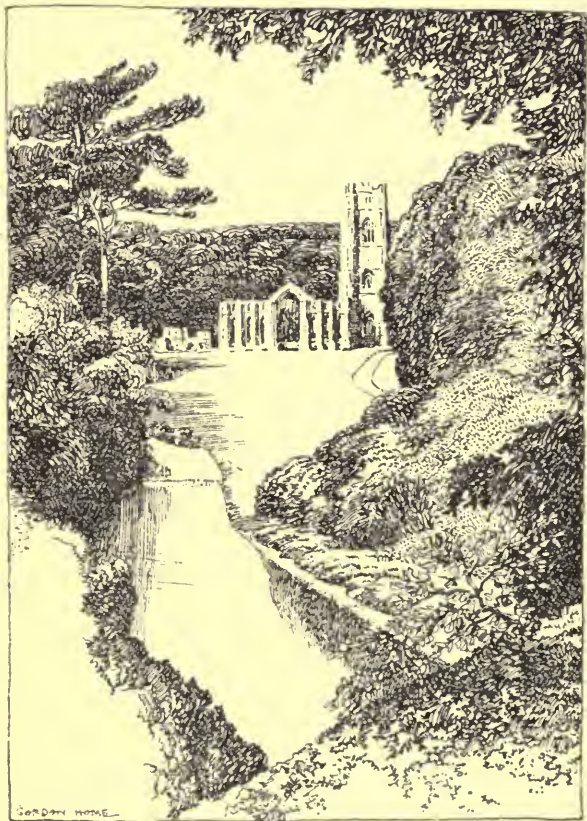
obtained as to the precise period to which these megalithic monuments belong.

Ripon. On high ground above the Ure stands the ancient city of Ripon, dominated by its minster. There is a central square of some picturesqueness, ornamented by an obelisk, and at one end is the town hall, bearing in bold letters on its stucco front the words: "Except ye Lord keep ye cittie, ye Wakeman waketh in vain." Here every night at nine o'clock a modern representative of the Wakeman, wearing a three-cornered hat, blows three blasts on a large circular horn.



A BRITISH IDOL
In the museum at
Aldborough

The minster externally is more conspicuous for giant buttresses than for delicacy of treatment, and its Early English west front has towers whose simplicity borders on plainness without giving the massive effect of Norman work. The central tower, and a great deal of the rest of the building, belong to the Transitional Norman period. A very remarkable feature of the interior is the incomplete reconstruction in the Perpendicular style of the Transitional arches of the crossing. The transepts are the fine Early English work of Archbishop Roger, and the choir is also his work



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

The stately ruins of the beautiful Cistercian Monastery
from above the River Skell

in part, the rest being of the Decorated period, including the magnificent east window. Under the central tower is a crypt built about the year 699 by Wilfred. From the nave a narrow passage leads to a vaulted cell, about seven feet wide by eleven feet long. From it opens a smaller space, the wall of which is pierced by a narrow opening which has been called "St. Wilfred's Needle," from an unsupported tradition that it was used at one time as a test of female chastity. It is quite possible that the smaller chamber was a place for penitence or confessions.

A pleasant road of three or four miles leads to Studley Royal where one can enter Studley Park, and by one of the most romantic paths in delicious sylvan surroundings, approach the ruins of Fountains Abbey. The view one obtains of the monastery through a gap in the foliage just above a beautiful strip of water is without doubt one of the most exquisite to be found in England. The great Perpendicular tower and the east end of the abbey church appear backed by masses of foliage, and framed in the nearer trees for which the park is famous. If anything were required to add to the beauty of the ruins it is found in the perfection of the smooth turf which everywhere carpets the ground like green velvet.

To a great extent it was due to the disgust at the lack of discipline at St. Mary's Abbey at York that the founders of this great Benedictine house broke away and started a new community



RIPON MINSTER

From a mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds from Thomas Girtin's picture

on the Skell. Permission to leave the parent abbey was only obtained after a most unseemly riot, when there was much pushing and struggling and such noise that Archbishop Thurstan only made himself heard with difficulty, and St. Mary's was forthwith placed under an interdict, Thurstan



FOUNTAINS HALL

A beautiful Jacobean house near the ruins of the Abbey leaving with Prior Richard and his twelve monks, who eventually proceeded to Fountains. Their early experiences were very strenuous, but endowments began to pour in, and between 1135 and 1147 a considerable portion of the existing buildings came into existence. The domestic portion of the abbey is so complete that one can reconstruct without difficulty the whole of the daily life of the monks, while the roofless church retains

much of its original grandeur, including its Norman nave and the remarkable chapel of the nine altars.

Fountains Hall is a lovely Jacobean mansion at no distance from the abbey. Its beautiful bay windows and gables make as fine a façade as one can find anywhere among houses of this period. A notable feature of the gallery is a fireplace



EFFIGIES OF THE
MARMIONS IN WEST TANFIELD CHURCH

adorned with an elaborate carving representing the Judgment of Solomon.

Tanfield. The pretty village of West Tanfield, standing a little above the river, where it makes a great bend in its course, possesses a picturesque tower, all that remains of the home of the Marmions, in close proximity to the parish church. The two buildings make a most attractive picture, and inside the church lie the fine recumbent effigies of various members of the Marmion family,

whose house stands so close at hand. The finest of the tombs bear alabaster figures, probably of Sir Robert Marmion and one of the daughters of Herbert de St. Quintin. The period is that of Edward III., and the knight wears chain mail.

Masham. This old town at the foot of Wensleydale has a very large square surrounded by sturdily-built stone houses and is dominated



MASHAM FROM ABOVE THE BRIDGE

by a large church. The base of the tower is Norman, and above rises a spire of the Decorated period. Opposite the south porch is a most remarkable cross, attributed to the Saxon period. It has suffered terribly from the effects of weather upon its rich carving, but even now a good deal can be seen of the sculptures with which the shaft was enriched. A very fine tomb to the memory of Marmaduke Wyvell and his wife is in the north aisle, and there are a few other interesting features.

CHAPTER IX

IN WENSLEYDALE

To all admirers of English scenery who have not yet explored the dales of Yorkshire I say, as Charles Dickens did to Forster when describing Chigwell—"name your day for going." For a lover of fine landscapes and rich historic association to miss the rugged fells, the noble rivers and waterfalls, and the romantic castles and abbeys is a loss that nothing can make good. One may know the Lake District and the mountains of Wales, and have explored Dartmoor and Exmoor, but none of these parts of England give one the same type of scenery nor so many links with the great events of history. The nearest comparison one can make is with the dales of Westmoreland, but there everything is on a different and smaller scale. There is in the dales of Yorkshire a wideness in the views, a sense of what the French would call a *pays libre*, which has an extraordinary attractiveness for nature lovers.

Bedale is perhaps one of the best places from which to begin an exploration of Wensleydale. The scenery is the open plain of the Vale of Mowbray, and one is not in Wensleydale, yet I recommend it as having the advantage of the

railway which passes through the whole length of the dale.

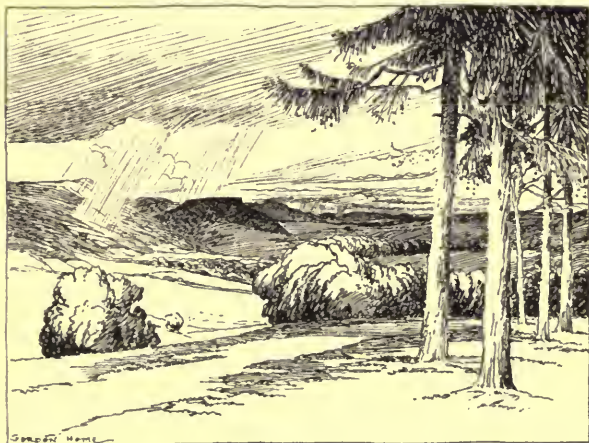
Situated in a part of the county frequently subjected to the invasions of the Scots, Bedale shows something of the measures it took for defence in the solidity of its church tower, one of the doorways of which was defended by a portcullis. It is a remarkably fine church with a very unusual arcade to the nave. The period is Early English, and the pillars and bases are all different. The originality of design and unwillingness to fall into the easy methods of repetition in ornament display the presence of some exceptional architect or craftsman whose influence appears to have been felt, if he were not actually responsible for the arcades of the same period and originality at Patrick Brompton and Hornby (Jervaulx station). The four altar tombs bearing effigies are notable. That in the north-west corner of the nave represents, with little doubt, Brian Fitzalan, who was a great-grandson of Alan, third Earl of Richmond. The alabaster figure is shown cross-legged and in chain mail and with head uncovered. Besides the church there is little to delay one at Bedale, for the castle held in Norman times by the Fitzalans has totally disappeared. The Bedale Hunt, one of the famous packs of England, hunts the country between the Swale and the Ure.

Jervaulx is the station for the two notable churches just mentioned and for Jervaulx Abbey. Hornby Castle, near the church, is a house of the Tudor period belonging to the Duke of Leeds.

William III. gave the dukedom to Thomas Osborne who was prominent in securing for him the throne of England. The scenery of the park is most attractive, and the pictures in the castle include the work of Velasquez, Holbein, Hogarth, Rubens and Reynolds.

Four or five miles to the south, between the Ure and the fells, are the slight remains of what was once the very beautiful Cistercian abbey of Jervaulx. The name is Norman-French for Yore-vale or Ure-dale, but why it should have been pronounced "Jarvis" is as puzzling as the corruption of Rievaulx in "Rivers." Perhaps the descent of Ypres to "Wipers" may show the same tendency. The story of the founding of the abbey is similar to others in Yorkshire. A wealthy Norman, Akar Fitz-Bardolph, gave as a site for a monastery a piece of land at Fors, near Askrigg, higher up the dale. It was not liked by the monks of Byland, who were sent there in 1150, and they accepted with alacrity the new site lower down the valley offered a few years later by the Earl of Richmond. The ruins indicate that the chief period of construction was at the end of the Norman and during the prevalence of the Early English style. Not only were the monks famous for the cheese they produced—who knows Yorkshire and has not partaken of a "Wensleydale"?—but they were also very well known for the horses they bred. At the Dissolution the breed appears to have been considered one of the best in the north of England.

Leyburn. At this part of the dale the impressive character of the great valley, flanked by flat-topped fells, becomes more striking, and from a little larch-grown eminence to the west of the town, known as Leyburn Shawl, there is a view right up the dale as splendid as any-



WENSLEYDALE FROM LEYBURN SHAWL

thing to be found in England. Range beyond range, the high ground recedes into the cloud-capped blue ridge forming the backbone of the Pennine Range.

Besides its position amid grand scenery and the possession of a wide street and a bull-ring, Leyburn calls for little comment. Two miles to the south across the river is Middleham, a quaint old village

boasting the ponderous ruin of its castle. It has, unfortunately, more bulk than picturesqueness. There is a Norman keep, built about 1190 by Robert Fitz-Randolph, grandson of a brother of the Earl of Richmond, and enclosing this massive shell, but without much intervening space, is the outer enclosure of walls built in the fourteenth century. About the year 1270 Middleham became the property of the Nevilles. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker," came there frequently, and Richard III., after his marriage with the Lady Anne Neville (the "King-maker's" daughter), was often at the castle. Here Edward, Prince of Wales, his only son, was born in 1476, and here the lad died when eight years old in 1484, the year before his father lost his life fighting desperately in the battle fought at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire.

Shakespeare, in Part III. of *King Henry VI.*, lays Scene v. of the fourth act at Middleham, where, in 1469, after his defeat at Edgecote, it is said that Warwick kept Edward IV. prisoner for a time.

William's Hill, an important earth-work to the south of the castle, doubtless belongs to the Saxon period. At the foot of the deep and wild glen of Cover Dale, two miles from Middleham, are the romantically-situated ruins of Coverham Abbey, largely occupied by a farm. There remain the gate-house and a good deal of the Early English nave of the church. Two stone effigies may possibly be from the tombs of Ranulph, or Ralf Fitzrobert,



BOLTON CASTLE, SWALEDALE

*The great castle of the Scropes in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned
after the battle of Langside*

who brought the abbey to its present position, and to his son Ralph.

In Cover Dale was born Miles of that name, who was associated with Tyndal in the preparation of the English Bible of 1537.

Wensley is the very charming village from which the long dale takes its name. It is a place of some antiquity, and it is probable that the name is a corruption of Woden's ley, which suggests that it was considered important enough by the Scandinavian invaders for association with the name of their chief deity. The church is full of interest and contains a Saxon stone inscribed with the names EATBEREHT ET ARUINI, who are mentioned by Simeon of Durham as follows: "A.D. 740, Aruwini et Eadberctus interempti."

Redmire. Full to the south rises the flat-topped fell called Penhill Beacon, from which a false alarm was given when Englishmen lived in fear of "Boney's" projected invasion. The beacon fire was lighted, and a great muster of dalesmen took place, only to discover that an error had been made by the watchman.

The outline of the hill must have been familiar to Mary Queen of Scots, for it was the most conspicuous feature visible from Bolton Castle where she was held a prisoner for a little over six months, from July 13, 1568. The great grim castle of the Scropes is less than a mile to the west of Redmire station, and its high towers and curtain walls make an impressive feature of the landscape when viewed from above. In 1379 Lord Richard

Scrope obtained the necessary licence to crenellate, as it was termed, and proceeded to erect a fortress which occupied eighteen years in building.

Lord Henry Scrope (seventh baron) led his men at Flodden, and it was the ninth baron who sent the captive Queen of Scots from Carlisle to Bolton to be certain of her safe custody. His vice-chamberlain, Sir Francis Knollys, was in charge of the prisoner. He gave her lessons in English, and while there she wrote him her first letter in the newly-acquired language. It begins, "Mester Knoleis, I heve sum neus from Scotland," and ends "I prey God heuu you in his kipin. Your assured gud frind, Marie R." She wrote her name on a pane of glass, but it was smashed on being taken to Bolton Hall for greater safety. The local legend of Mary's attempted escape and recapture at the Queen's Gap on Leyburn Shawl lacks any confirmation.

Aysgarth. Near the foot of the branch valley of Bishopdale the Ure pours its waters over a series of terraces of solid limestone. There are low cliffs on either side overhung by trees, and the scene presented has a certain grandeur, while the successive cascades of great width give Aysgarth Force a character unique among English waterfalls. In average summer weather the quantity of water is not always as shown in the illustration given here, but it is quite sufficient to be impressive.

If one stays at the village of Aysgarth, or at Carperby on the other bank of the river, one is well placed for the walk up Bishopdale across the



AYSGARTH FORCE, WENSLEYDALE

The upper falls of the series of picturesque terraces over which the river Ure pours its amber waters

Photochrom Co. Ltd.

pass beneath the bold height of Buckden Pike. Thence one can continue into the upper portion of Wharfedale, where the tiny church of Hubberholme makes a very pretty picture with its tower reflected in the boulder-strewn river. There is no need to return by the same road, for a well-defined track across Stake Fell will take one back to Wensleydale by Semmerwater. This is one of the four natural lakes of Yorkshire, the others being Malham Tarn, Gormire, near Thirsk, and Hornsea Mere.

There is a quaint legend as to the origin of Semmerwater which tells of an old man who asked for food at the houses of a small town that exists no longer. Only at a cottage standing quite alone did the hungry man find a welcome. After partaking of the food offered to him he stayed the night, and on leaving the next morning the beggar, who was an angel in disguise, raising his arms, recited a few words, and immediately a lake rose out of the ground and the town disappeared beneath its surface.

Askrigg is perched high up on the northern side of the dale in a most breezy position, commanding great views up and down the dale opposite the prominent fell called Addlebrough. There is a little grey church with a plain tower, commenced in 1240, but to a great extent belonging to the later period of Perpendicular. The first site of Jervaulx Abbey was at Fors, not far from this village, and it is to this structure that the Norman pillars in the church are attributed.

Opposite the cross and bull-ring stands a very delightful stone house dated 1678. Between two



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE AT ASKRIGG

The gallery was doubtless used for watching the bull-baiting which took place below

picturesque bays rising to the whole height of the four floors is a gallery erected, it is thought, as a vantage point from which to watch the bull-

baiting. Askrigg used to make clocks, and it was also noted for its hand-knitting which was carried on by men as well as women.

Down by the riverside low and picturesque cottages scattered round a broad patch of green make up the hamlet of Bainbridge, a charming spot worth coming far to discover. There is an old custom of blowing the forest horn still kept alive in the village since the days when benighted travellers through the Forest of Wensleydale were liable to lose their way. At ten o'clock every night between Holyrood and Shrove Tuesday the custom of sounding this horn is still maintained. The picturesque Rose and Crown inn claims to have been established since 1445.

An interest of much greater antiquity belongs to this part of Wensleydale, for just above the village on the extremity of the northern buttress of Wether Fell there can still be seen clear indications of a Roman camp. It would seem that during the Roman occupation a road went from Isurium (Aldborough) through Middleham to this spot. From thence it is a matter of conjecture where the track led—one imagines that it would have been continued through the pass to link up with roads in Lancashire and Westmoreland.

Hawes. The only other village in the dale is Hawes—a place of dull grey stone large enough to call itself a little town. The name is a corruption of the Teutonic word meaning a pass or neck, and is spelt “hause” in the Lake District. It is a market town, has a knitting and hosiery

industry, and is the metropolis of a large area of the high fells. Upon Hawes depends the scattered local population for such life and gaiety as it produces.

About a couple of miles north of Hawes is Hardraw Scar, where the beck descending from the Buttertubs Pass pours its water over a ledge of millstone grit and falls more than ninety feet into a pond hemmed in on three sides by a semicircle of rock. The shale beneath the stratum of grit is easily weathered away, so that it is possible to walk on a path slippery with spray behind the falling water. The same formation of the ground—*i.e.* millstone grit resting on softer shales—produces the salient features of the landscapes of this part of the Pennine Range, the hard stratum remaining flat and horizontal, while the shale, where not so protected, is quickly worn away.

From Hawes there ascends a very rough and toilsome road over the Buttertubs Pass into the upper extremity of Swaledale. The curious name of the pass has its origin in the potholes in the limestone to be found at its highest point. These great natural shafts, leading into vast underground caverns with long ramifications, are a source of great danger to those who wander carelessly over the fells, for they are often unprotected, and the danger of a sudden fall into the waters of an underground stream, or still worse, on to hard rock, is not to be ignored.

Pedestrians in search of a rough walk and a small

climb can take the road up the side of Wether Fell, and having dropped down into Langstrothdale, cross the trackless heights to Pen-y-Ghent, a height of 2278 feet, from whence Ingleborough's flat summit, about one hundred feet higher, is the most conspicuous feature. Heather grows here and there, but unlike the Cleveland Hills, the fells are not purple in summer, they retain a swarthy brown toned with green or umber, from which appear scars of grey limestone.

CHAPTER X

SWALEDALE

THE headlong descent of the road from the Buttertubs Pass brings one into Swaledale, where the village of Muker is to be found—a situation as remote as any in the country. If there is no history and no archæology to give interest to the head of the wild valley of the Swale its scenery is sufficiently imposing to fill the gap, and there are joys for the lover of great open spaces, of weathered precipices overtopped by cloud-capped heights, and of becks that fling themselves with throaty music from ledge to ledge and soon afterwards disappear in some narrow cleft. To the town-dweller such solitude and the feeling of airy space shared only with a few sheep and birds are the ingredients of the tonic he needs, and it is hard not to feel ten years younger after a week in such surroundings.

Between Muker and Reeth, the next village down the vale, the distance is over nine miles, and there being no railway the wanderer must find his own means of transport or walk. It is pre-eminently a country for the pedestrian or for one who rides a strong pony. Reeth is pleasantly situated on a green close to Arkle Beck, which comes noisily out of Arkengarthdale further north.

The village at one time prospered owing to the proximity of lead mines, now abandoned. Only half a mile away is Grinton, with its grey houses and picturesque church, standing close to the Swale. The base of the tower and the font are Norman, but a great interval separates this from the rest of the structure, which is Perpendicular. The parish is one of the largest in Yorkshire, and of its 50,000 acres some 30,000 consist of mountain, grouse-moor and scar.

Turner painted the ruins of Marrick Priory one and a half miles lower down the dale. It was, according to Leland, a convent for "blake nunnes" and was endowed by Roger de Aske. Ellerton Nunnery, on the other side of the river, was Cistercian, the sisters wearing white.

Marrick folk having used the nave of the priory as their parish church, this portion of the building has been preserved, and was rebuilt early in last century. It is now little used, and is falling into a state of decay.

Marske Hall, in a situation of great charm, has been the home of the Hutton family from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and contains many interesting pictures, and also a gold cup given by Elizabeth to Matthew Hutton, who was Archbishop of York from 1595 to 1606. The house is presumably unique in being the birthplace of two archbishops, another Matthew having held the highest office at York, and, finally, in 1757, at Canterbury. The obelisk seen above the woods is to the memory of Captain Matthew Hutton.

Richmond (approached by rail from a junction on the main line just south of Darlington) stands at the gateway of Swaledale, and no doubt appeared to the builder of the great Norman castle a place of immense strategic importance, and yet, strangely enough, there are no records of any siege nor yet of any battles in its neighbourhood. If one adds to this the fact that it had become a ruin in the reign of Edward III. (1327-1377), and that in the Parliamentary War it was so ignored that no order was given for its dismantling, an interesting problem is presented. Possibly in its early days it was considered too strong to be attacked. In 1174, that crucial year of his reign—when Henry II. was fighting from the Tweed to the Pyrenees, and William the Lion had crossed the Border—Henry's first thought seems to have been of the safety of Richmond, for he enquired whether his justiciary Ranulph de Glanville were in "*Richemunt*."

In writing of Richmond it is essential to begin with the castle for, as was usual in feudal times, it was under its shelter that the town grew and prospered and became a great mart for all Richmondshire. Before the Conquest Richmond did not exist, the Saxon seat of local government being at Gilling, three miles to the north. There the great northern earl, Edwin of Mercia, brother of Morcar, ruled until William had crushed his rebellion and Northumbria had been devastated with sufficient ferocity to secure the whole country to the Conqueror. Then followed the presentation

of the lands of the dispossessed Saxons to those who had supported the bastard Norman duke in his enterprise. To Alan Rufus, a son of Eudo, Duke of Brittany, came a great number of manors including Gillingshire. One can picture this red-headed Breton chieftain riding over his new possessions in search of a site for an impregnable fortress, and his prompt decision on finding the tabular mass of rock with its cliffs dropping precipitously down to the ample waters of the Swale. Here he built the first Norman stronghold of Richmond, giving it the name it still bears, and here his Breton followers settled down and made a strangely new atmosphere for the Saxons who had known other times. The town grew, and was eventually defended by a wall and gateways, one of which is still standing. In the central square or market-place is a church (Trinity) which has a singular interest in that it is alone, I believe, among English churches in having shops built into it. This is by no means uncommon in France, and it is just possible that the French point of view in such things had come down through the centuries from the Bretons and made possible this admixture of sacred and domestic purposes in one structure.

So important did Richmond become in the thirteenth century that it possessed thirteen trade guilds, the rapidly developed trade having led to the creation of large classes of merchants and craftsmen. Then followed, in the reign of Edward III., a story of disaster, when the town suffered

from various plagues, causing a very high death-roll. About the same time other market towns, such as Middleham, Bedale and Masham, became keen competitors. Again, in 1597, Richmond was visited by yet another pestilence, which was so severe that there were over a thousand deaths in the parish.

Although the castle became ruinous as far back as mediæval times, it is singularly complete as it stands to-day in comparison with many other Norman strongholds. The massive keep, built not by the founder, but probably by Duke Conan in the latter half of the twelfth century, still retains its original height of a hundred feet, and in its completeness compares with Dover, Bambergh, Alnwick, Newcastle, and even the Tower of London.

Richmond possessed a house of Grey Friars, who, contrary to the ideals of the Franciscan Order, waxed rich, and were able to erect for themselves a beautiful monastery. Of this only a single tower remains, but it is of such exceptional beauty that in its commanding position it is a great ornament to the town. The finely placed parish church, on a steep slope below Frenchgate, was very drastically restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, who rebuilt the arcades of the nave, and little structural interest now remains. In descending the road from this church towards the station it is almost impossible to bestow enough praise upon the town for having preserved such a singularly unspoiled approach. Even the pictures painted



RICHMOND CASTLE

The great Norman fortress occupies a magnificent position above the Scafe at the foot of the dale

Ilkington

by Turner still give an impression of the town not wholly unrecognisable.

If, instead of crossing the battlemented bridge to the railway station, which is necessary if one wishes to see the slight ruins of St. Martin's Priory, one continues along the north bank of the Swale, an attractive footpath will be found leading to Easby Abbey, about a mile away. The walk is exceptionally beautiful at most times of the year, and in the autumn has great richness of colour in the masses of foliage which overhang the winding river. The ruins consist mainly of the domestic buildings, the church, wherein lay the sumptuous tombs of the Scropes, having, to a great extent, disappeared. Surrounding the cloister garth on three sides are the chief buildings still preserving any sort of completeness. They include, to the east, the sacristy and chapter-house, the refectory, over a hundred feet in length, lighted by six tall windows filled with Early English tracery, and on the west the warming-house, the sub-vault beneath the dorter, and the guest-house. North of the church the foundations of the infirmary have been very thoroughly exposed, and form one of the most complete plans of such a building to be found in the county.

The foundation of Easby was for Premonstratensian Canons. Its founder was Roald, Constable of Richmond Castle, and it was building at the same time as the great keep, about the middle of the twelfth century. Later, the privileges of the founder came to the Scropes,

who were afterwards confused with the original founder.

Catterick. A road from Easby follows roughly the course of the river, and brings one in a little over two miles to Catterick. It stands on Leeming Lane, the great trunk road from York, through Boroughbridge to Barnard Castle and Carlisle, which follows for many miles its Roman predecessor. It was here, with little doubt, that the Roman town of Cataractonium, mentioned in the first Antonine Itinerary, was to be found. It seems probable that the Romans occupied the British town called *Caer Caratauc*, a place of such consequence that Nennius places it after *Caer Ebrauc* (York). The Roman site is to the west of the modern village.

In its original form Catterick bridge dates from 1425. The contract for its construction is preserved at Brough Hall and gives its actual cost.

CHAPTER XI

TEESDALE

THE northern limits of Yorkshire are very definitely marked by the course of that fine river the Tees, whose parentage is found in the loftiest and wildest region of the Pennines. From Cross Fell, a mountain just one-tenth the height of Everest (29,000 feet), comes the main feeder, and many lesser burns flow from scarcely inferior heights. Gathering together, they produce at Cauldron Snout the most northerly waterfall in the county. The stream dashes down a precipitous wall of greenstone, or "whin," about two hundred feet in height, and on account of the wild grandeur of its surroundings the fall ranks among the finest and most impressive in England.

About four miles lower down, the river, grown somewhat in volume, encounters another cliff, over which it pours in noble fashion, its width being divided into two as it falls by a great buttress of greenstone. This is the rightly-famed High Force. In dry weather the fall is restricted to the right (facing towards the sea) side of the rock—it requires wet weather to give the full effect of the double stream. I am often disappointed in waterfalls, but this and the broad terraces at Aysgarth have a grandeur which produced quite

another feeling. Particularly was this the case at High Force, where the fall, at a distance, forms the centre of a most imposing landscape unequalled by anything I have found elsewhere in England or Scotland. On one side moorland comes down to the cliffs overhanging the deep channel below the falls, and opposite are masses of tall firs, almost capable of reminding a Canadian of his own country.

Middleton-in-Teesdale. There is a comfortable inn on the main road near the High Force where one can put up while exploring the fells, and five miles down the dale is Middleton-in-Teesdale, a little town of grey houses pleasantly situated. This place is in Durham, while the station at the terminus of the line from Darlington and Barnard Castle is in Yorkshire. Lead-mining and quarrying give vitality to the town, and the reverberation of blasting operations in the neighbourhood reminds the men who were at the front in France or Belgium of their experiences of modern warfare.

Romaldkirk is a pleasant village with an interesting cruciform church of various periods between Transitional Norman and Late Perpendicular. It is not known who was the St. Romald to whom the church was dedicated. On the westernmost columns of the nave there are portions of wall-paintings, there is a "three-decker" pulpit and a recumbent effigy of Sir Hugh Fitz-Henry who died in 1304.

Cotherstone. Slight remains of a castle of the Fitz-Hughs of Ravensworth can be seen at Cother-

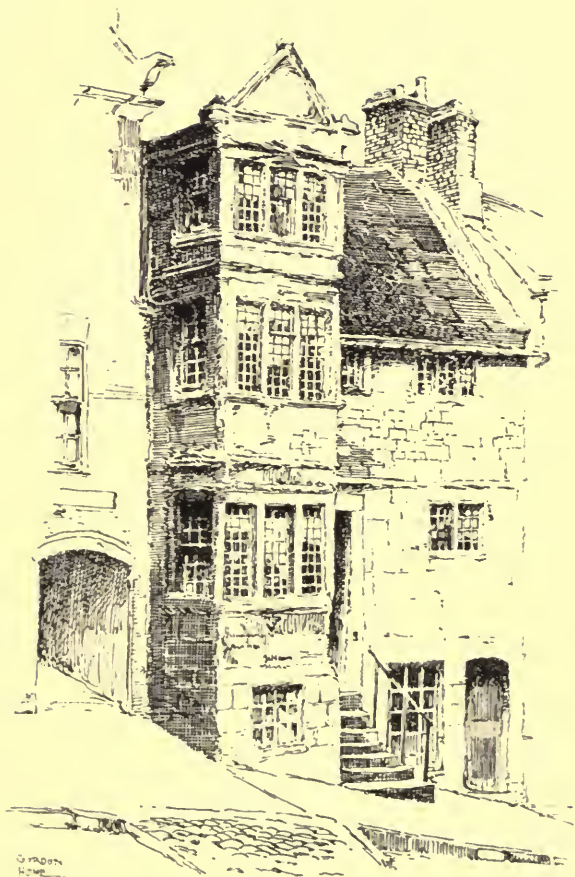
stone, where the road is carried across the river Balder by a bridge of some antiquity. The village is very largely peopled by Quakers, and the farms of the neighbourhood are famed for their cheeses—of the Stilton variety. The scenery of the Balder and the Tees is picturesque and, where wooded, the dales are exceedingly beautiful even in mid-winter.

Barnard Castle is in Durham, but it is seen so well from the Yorkshire bank of the river, on whose surface its towers are mirrored, that a slight reference to it here is not out of place. The castle itself was founded in Norman times by Bernard Balliol, the son of one of the Conqueror's supporters, who received an ample reward for his aid. In 1293, however, the lands returned to the Crown, when John Balliol, who had been made King of Scots in the previous year, broke off relations with Edward I. and made an alliance with France. The sequestered property then came into the hands of the Earls of Warwick, and so to Anne of Warwick, who married Richard Neville "the King-maker." When their daughter married Richard III. Barnard Castle was once again a royal possession.

In the steep street of the town there is a stone market house, and a little lower down one old and picturesque seventeenth-century structure survives, although it is sadly in need of restoration. The parish church adds much to the silhouette of the town, but the drastic restoration it has undergone leaves little of antiquarian interest beyond the Norman south door.

Just outside the town one comes upon the most surprising modern palace—a vast structure designed on the lines of the Hôtel de Ville at Le Havre. This is now known as the Bowes Museum, and is the result of the enthusiasm and generosity of Mr. John Bowes of Streatlam Castle, and of his wife, Joséphine Bénoite, Countess of Montalbo. It was the wish of the gifted French woman to build a great museum for the vast collection of *objets d'art* she had acquired, and this was carried to its completion after her death. The result of her enterprise is the existence, in this curiously remote part of England, of a magnificently-housed collection of pictures, tapestries, faience and furniture unrivalled in England outside the metropolis.

A mile or more below Barnard Castle, in a delightful situation, close to the deep channel of the Tees, are the ruins of Eggleston Abbey, a foundation for Premonstratensian Canons, established at a somewhat uncertain date, but known to exist at the commencement of the thirteenth century. The remains of the church consist of nave, choir, and portions of the transepts, mainly in the Early English style. The east window of the choir is a singularly plain example of that period. Unfortunately the interesting block of domestic buildings is falling into ruin, and as timber has been used in wall construction over the window recesses, the collapse of other parts of the buildings is only a question of time unless judicious restoration is taken in hand at once.



A PICTURESQUE STONE-BUILT HOUSE AT
BARNARD CASTLE

Lower down its course the scenery of the Tees and its tributary, the Greta, has long been famed for its wonderful sylvan charm. The deep rocky beds of the two rivers are overhung by beautiful masses of foliage, spanned by the Abbey and Dairy bridges, beneath which the water flows over ledges and among great boulders.



EGGLESTON ABBEY

It is picturesquely placed above the Tees

Bowes is interesting for two very different reasons. It stands upon a well-authenticated Roman highway, and is the *Lavatrae* of the second and fifth Antonine Itineraries. The road came northwards from *Catterick* on its way to *Brough* (*Verterae*). Roman inscriptions of great interest have been found here, and for anyone staying in this neighbourhood to fail to study the subject very fully is to miss a most illumi-

nating glimpse of Roman Britain. The second interest is the association with the “Dotheboys Hall” described by Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Visions of Squeers, the terrible head of the academy, are conjured up when one recalls how boys were, according to his advertisements, “boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, instructed in all languages, living or dead,” for the modest sum of twenty guineas per annum. And to this was added the statement, terrifying to the luckless boy about to be sent to this academy, that there were *no holidays*.

INDEX

- ADDLEBROUGH, 161
 Adel, 58
 Aldborough, 147, 148, 163
 Aldbrough, 12
 Allerston, 114
 Allerton Mauleverer, 142
 Alne, 78
 Alum Works, 126, 127
 Ampleforth, 92
 Aram, Eugene, 144
 Arkengarthdale, 166
 Askrigg, 156, 161, 162. Aysgarth, 160
 Bainbridge, 163
 Balliol, Family of, 132, 175
 Barden Forest, 145
 Barmston, 15
 Barnard Castle, 172, 175, 176
 Bedale, 154, 155, 170
 Beggar's Bridge, 122
 Bempton, 120
 Beverley, 67-70
 Bilsdale, 83
 Birkin, 51
 Bishopdale, 160. Bishop Wilton, 64
 Blakey Topping, 120
 Bolton Abbey, 145, 146
 Bolton Castle, 159, 160
 Boroughbridge, 143, 147, 172
 Boulby Cliffs, 43
 Bowes, 178, 179; Museum, 176
 Bransdale, 84, 98, 101
 Bridges, Mediaeval, 128, 172
 Bridlington, 15-17
 Brimham Rocks, 145
 Brittany, Alan Rufus, Duke of, 169
 Brompton, 115, 116
 Bruce, Family of, 125, 126, 139
 Buckden, 145
 Buckingham, Dukes of, 85, 86, 96, 97, 104
 Bugthorpe, 63
 Bull-baiting, 77, 157, 162
 Burton Agnes, 15
 Buttertubs Pass, 164
 Byland Abbey, 80, 90, 91, 92, 156
 Cædmon, 36. Carperley, 160
 Carter, Mr., curate, 108, 109
 Castle Howard, 71
 Catterick, 172, 178
 Cauldron Snout, 173
 Cawood, 48
 Cawthorne Camps, 40, 109 Cayton, 23
 Chaloner, Family of, 126, 127
 Charles I., 54
 Charles II., 7, 96
 Cheese, 156, 175
 Cherry Burton, 67
 Cholmley, Family of, 28, 34, 37, 113, 138
 Chop Gate, 84, 103
 Cleveland Hills, 43, 101, 124, 128
 Clifford, Family of, 65, 66, 145
 Coatham, 45
 Cock-fighting, 109
 Cold Kirby, 80
 Conisborough Castle, 54
 Cooke, Captain, 124
 Cover Dale, 158, 159
 Coverdale, Miles, 159
 Coverham Abbey, 158
 Coxwold, 76, 86
 Crayke, 76, 77
 Cromwell, Oliver, 88, 141
 Cropton, 103, 109. Cuthbert, St., 76
 Danes' Dyke, 18
 Danes, Incursions of, 11, 25, 36, 48, 68,
 De la Mare, Family of, 11 [106, 119
 De la Pole, Family of, 5, 12
 "Devil's Arrows, The," 147
 Docks at Hull, 3
 Doncaster, 53
 "Dotheboys Hall," 179
 Driffild, 73
 Duncombe Park, 81, 86
 Easby Abbey, 171
 Easingwold, 77
 East Harlsey, 129
 Easter, Date of, 36
 Ebberston, 113, 114
 Edstone, 99
 Edward I., 3, 4, 11, 175
 Edward II., 26, 92, 130, 136
 Edward IV., 15, 52, 56
 Edwin, Earl, 100, 168
 Edwin of Northumbria, 60, 66
 Effigies, 5, 15, 48, 57, 67, 87, 93, 129,
 142, 143, 152, 153, 158, 174
 Eggleston Abbey, 176
 Egton Moor, 84, 122
 Elizabeth Woodville, 70, 71
 Ellerburn, 113
 Ellerton Nunnery, 167
 Erosion of coast, 1, 2
 Escrick, 47. Esk, River, 122
 Espec, Walter, 71, 83, 85, 132
 Fairfax, Family of, 85, 93, 94, 141
 Farndale, 101, 103
 Fauconberg, Lords, 88
 Filey, 18, 22, 23

- Flamborough, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23
 Forge Valley, 119
 Fountains Abbey and Hall, 150, 152
 Fylingdales Moor, 101
 Galtres, Forest of, 70, 74, 75
 Gascoigne, Judge, 57
 Gaveston, Piers, 26
 George III., 47, 53
 German bombardments of coast, 30, 33, 37
 Giant, The Yorkshire, 66
 Gilling, 93-95
 Glacial action, 2, 95, 100, 134
 Glaisdale, 84, 122, 123
 Goathland, 84, 122, 132
 Goldsborough, 142
 Goodmanham, 66
 Great Driffield, 73
 Greta, River, 178
 Grinton, 167
 Gros, William le, 26
 Grosmont, 122. Guisborough, 124-127
 Hackness, 118, 119
 Hambleton Hills, 79, 90, 91, 92, 129
 Hardrada, Haralld, 11, 25, 48, 62, 100
 Hardraw Scar, 164
 Harewood House and Castle, 57
 Harold II., 25, 99, 100
 Harrogate, 144
 Hawes, 163, 164
 Hayburn Wyke, 30, 31
 Hedon, 6
 Helmsley, 84-86, 96, 100
 Hemingburgh, 55; Walter de, 125
 Henrietta Maria, 16, 17
 Henry I., 136
 Henry II., 26, 79, 168
 Henry IV., 12, 57, 128
 Henry VI., 52, 128
 High Force, 173, 174
 Hilda, St., 33, 34, 38, 119
 Hirst, Jemmy (the Eccentric), 52, 53
 Holderness, 1-15, 26
 Hornby Castle and Church, 155
 Hornsea, 13, 14, 161
 Hotham, Sir John, 67
 Howden, 55; Roger de, 55
 Hubberholme, 161
 Hull, 1-6. Humber, 2, 9, 50
 Hunmanby, 22
 Huntcliff Nab, 45
 Hutton Buscel, 119
 Hutton, Family of, 167
 Ilkley, 146. Ingleborough, 165
Ivanhoe, Sir W. Scott's, 54
 Jackson, John, R.A., 106, 107
 James I. (VI. of Scots), 54, 133
 Jervaulx Abbey, 155, 156, 161
 John, King, 137. Jones, Paul, pirate, 13
 Kettleness, 40, 41
 Keyingham, 6
 Kilnsea, 7, 9
 Kipling Cotes, 66
 Kirby Moorside, 86, 95-100
 Kirby Underdale, 63
 Kirk Hammerton, 142
 Kirkdale Cave, 100
 Kirkdale Church, 98, 99
 Knaresborough, 138, 142, 143
 Lacy, de, Family of, 53, 132
 Lake dwellings, 135
 Langdale, Sir Marmaduke, 20
 Langstrothdale, 165
 Lastingham, 103-109
 Levisham, 120, 134, 135
 Leyburn, 157
 Loftus, 43. Londesborough, 65, 66
 Malton, 40, 62, 72
 Mappleton, 12
 Market Weighton, 66
 Marmion, Family of, 152, 153
 Marrick Priory, 167
 Marske Hall, 167
 Marston Moor, 85, 141
 Marvell, Andrew, 5, 7
 Mary Queen of Scots, 159, 160
 Masham, 153, 170
 Meaux Abbey, 3, 6, 12, 14
 Middleham, 157, 158, 163, 170
 Middlesbrough, 45, 46
 Middleton, 110
 Monastic life, Laxity in, 51, 125
 Morcar, Earl, 100, 136
 Mount Grace Priory, 128
 Mowbray, Family of, 91, 132
 Muker, 166
 Mulgrave Castle, 40
 Neville, Family of, 70, 175
 Newburgh, William of, 88
 Newburgh Priory, 87, 88
 Newton Dale, 110, 122, 134
 Nidd, River, 141, 142, 143, 145
 Northallerton, 130
 Nunburnholme, 64, 65
 Old Byland, 80, 91
 Osmotherley, 129
 Oswald, King of Deira, 105
 Oswiu, King, 34. Ottringham, 6, 7
 Parliamentary War, 16, 17, 53, 54, 84,
 113, 138, 141, 144, 148
 Pateley Bridge, 145
 Patrick Brompton, 155
 Patrington, 69
 Paulinus, 60, 66
 Penda, King, 36
 Penhill Beacon, 159

Pen-y-Ghent, 165
 Percy, Family of, 55, 68, 69
 Pickering, 72, 84, 95, 113, 120, 135-140
 Pocklington, 64
 Pontefract, 53, 138, 143
 Prehistoric remains, 15, 18, 20, 44, 47,
 73, 84, 114, 115, 135, 136, 146, 148, 158
 Railway, Early, 134
 Raskelf, 79
 Redcar, 45
 Redmire, 159
 Reeth, 166, 167
 Richard II., 53, 138, 143
 Richard III., 158, 175
 Richmond, 168-172; Earls of, 92, 158
 Rievaulx Abbey, 81-83, 91
 Ripon, 148
 Robin Hood's Bay, 31-33
 Romaldskirk, 174
 Roman roads, 39, 40, 66, 109, 172, 178
 Roman sites, 31, 40, 60, 109, 110, 147, 163
 Roseberry Topping, 124
 Rosedale, 103, 104, 123
 Roos family, 86, 94
 Rounton, 129
 Rowleston Hall, 13
 Rudstone, 15
 Rumbolds Moor, 146
 Runswick Bay, 41, 42
 Rupert, Prince, 141
 Ruswarp, 122. Ryedale, 81
 Saltburn-by-the-Sea, 45
 Saltersgate, 120, 122
 Sandsend, 38-40, 127
 Scamridge Dykes, 114, 120
 Scarborough, 24-30, 120, 138
 Scawton, 80
 Scottish raids, 90, 92, 130, 143, 155
 Scrope, Family of, 159, 160, 171
 Sea-man, Story of, 44
 Selby, 48-50
 Semmerwater, 161
 Sherburn-in-Elmet, 52
 Sheriff Hutton, 70
 Sinnington, 97, 104, 105
 Skelton, 75
 Skinningrove, 44, 45
 Skipwith, 48
 Sledmere, 73
 Sleights, 122
 Slingsby, Family of, 143, 144
 Smeeton, John, 10
 Smuggling, 15. Snaith, 52
 Speeton, 22
 Spurn Head, 7, 9, 11

Staintondale Cliff, 31
 Staithes, 42, 43
 Stamford Bridge, 62
 Standard, Battle of, 82, 131, 132
 Stape, 102, 110
 Stephen, King, 131
 Sterne, Laurence, 76, 86
 Stillingfleet, 48, 49
 Stillington, 76
 Streatlam Castle, 176
 Strensall Camp, 70
 Strid, The, 146
 Sundials, Saxon, 12, 80, 98, 99, 100
 Surrey, Thos. Holland, Duke of, 128
 Sutton-in-the-Forest, 76, 86
 Sword dance, 18. Sykes, Sir Tatton, 7
 Tadcaster, 56
 Teesdale, 173-179
 Thirsk, 79, 91, 131
 Thornton-le-Dale, 112, 113
 Thurstan, Archbishop of York, 82, 91
 Tosti, Earl, 25, 62, 99, 100
 Towton, Battle of, 52, 56
 Troutsdale, 114, 120
 Ulf or Ulph, 13, 60
 Vanbrugh, the architect, 71
 Wall paintings, 139. Warter, 65
 Warwick, Family of, 70, 158, 175
 Wass, 92
 Wensley, 159
 Wensleydale, 154-165
 West Tanfield, 152
 Wether Fell, 163, 165
 Whale-fishing, 43
 Wharfe, River, 57, 145, 146
 Whitby, 33-38, 40, 127
 Whitedale, 12
 Wilberforce, William, 5
 Wilfred, St., 36, 131, 150
 William I., 26, 50, 85, 168
 William's Hill, 158
 Wilton, 114
 Winestead, 7
 Witches, 103
 Withernsea, 2, 9
 Wolds, 16, 18, 20-22, 62-73
 Wolsey, Cardinal, 48
 Wool trade, 3, 62
 Wordsworth, William, 115
 Worms, Legends of, 44, 102
 Wressle, 54. Wykeham Abbey, 118, 1
 Yarm, 128
 York, 26, 59-62, 74, 91, 95, 150, 172

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